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STUDENT LIFE:
Letters and Recollections

FOR A YOUNG FRIEND.

By SAMUEL OSGOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"Studies in Biography," "The Hearth-Stone," "Mile-Stones," &c,

Ne certés can that Friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure,
For Vertue is the band that bindeth Harts most sure.

SPENSER.

NEW YORK:
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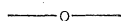
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To
PRESIDENT QUINCY,

BY

ONE OF THE CLASS OF 1832.

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P R E F A C E .

A FRIEND, whose son had just entered college a few months ago, asked for him a word of counsel from the author, and a single offhand letter was written accordingly. The friend, and also the son, suggested that some more letters would be welcome, and that good would surely be done by printing them. Six letters were soon written, and these, with revision and the addition of a few thoughts and recollections, are now published in this little volume.

Thus, without any intention on his own part, the author finds his name once more on a title page, quite willing to follow the advisers, young and old, who ask for this publication, and who assure him that it will be useful ; quite certain, moreover, that

he has written to meet an actual want, and with the simple purpose of saying a kind and true word to students in loving remembrance of old college days. The author's sympathies, like his personal experience, are closely with those who are obliged to depend upon themselves; and there may be some words here that will encourage young persons, without fortune and even without parents or patrons, to press on in a worthy career with strength and hope.

It seemed best to retain the dates and names, generally, as they originally stood, and if this feature gives the book more of a Cambridge air, it will be more expressive, even to general readers, than if the thought were purely impersonal, without local habitation or name. The contents are somewhat desultory, but they all bear upon the title and illustrate some aspects of Student Life.

The author is grateful to his friend and class-mate, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, for the fine poem at the "Silver Festival." If the bulk of the book were but earth, this rose, like that of Saadi's Gulistan, would be enough to sweeten the whole lump.

New York, Nov. 28, 1860.

STUDENT LIFE.

I.

GENERAL IDEAS OF STUDY.

DEAR —, I propose, in a very familiar manner, to give you the results of my own experience in college, looked back upon from nearly thirty years' experience of life.

You go to college to get an education; and, of course, study is the main interest of the next four years. It is marvellous how much can be learned in that short period, with due diligence and economy of time. The first thing for you to do will be to make the best division possible of the hours of the day, so as to establish a good working method, that will harmonize the claims of different

studies with each other, and all studies with proper rest and recreation. The college lessons settle the quantity to be learned each day, but the mode of learning will be left very much to you, and you will gain much in spirits and time by a due alternation of studies, such as following mathematics by language, or varying the posture of the mind by wise alternation between subjects that strain and concentrate the attention, and those that pleasantly move the fancy or possess the memory. I have often found, for example, that after I have wearied myself over hard problems in calculus or geometry, it is almost play to read a chapter of a Latin historian or an English moralist or metaphysician. The mind, like the body, seems to have two legs, and is soon weary of standing wholly on one of them.

As to the relative importance of studies, you will have frequent decisions to make, not only in choosing voluntaries, but in the amount of time and attention to be given to the requisite branches of the regular course. The most comprehensive division is between what may be called studies of *sequence*, or such as carry out a continuous thread of thought—such as mathematics, grammar, philosophy—and studies of *aggregation*, or such as merely

add to the stock of learning—such as additional classic authors, or modern languages. To omit some of the latter may only lessen your stock of learning, whilst to neglect the former is to mutilate your whole education, break the line of study, and even impair your powers of thinking. Studies of sequence are like the bolts that fasten the train of cars to the engine, whilst studies of aggregation are like the baggage which is to be taken on board, and which, however important, is not absolutely essential to a safe passage.

After mastering the essential studies, you will have some time to spare for voluntary branches, and I advise you to give the modern languages the preference over *belles lettres*, because in youth we are more capable of learning languages, and the rudiments of grammar and accent if then acquired never leave us, whilst studies of taste, such as biography, poetry, reviews, essays, and even history, can be as well attended to afterwards, when the reflective powers are matured. Among modern languages, I regard French and German essential, and Italian and Spanish very desirable for you.

You will remember, however, that it is more important to learn *language* than languages; and the

acquisition of various languages is chiefly important because it gives us such command of our own. Thus, the best exercise in English diction to a beginner is the exact and elegant translation of a foreign author. I used, besides learning my Latin lessons in a general way, to study a certain portion, say a page, very carefully, so as to give to each word and idiom the just, and if possible the elegant rendering. A page of Livy or Tacitus thus studied will teach you more and better English than a dozen themes on the hackneyed subjects of an abstract kind, such as usually vex the brain of beginners in composition. Study language in this way, and you will find theme-writing much easier; and when, moreover, you come to practise extempore speaking, as you must soon do, you will find a classic vocabulary rising to your lips in a manner that will often surprise you.

I might say much more upon your future studies, but I must pass on to speak of your student character. Vices I do not warn you against, and I will not caution you against excesses that would break the heart of your father and mother, as well as contradict all your own promise and disposition. But you are exposed to the prevailing infirmity of young

men, especially of well-to-do families—the danger of leaving stern duties very much to themselves, and of drifting through college without honor and without shame, in an easy, inefficient way, that may leave you a dainty gentleman, but cannot make you a good scholar or a true man. You will be likely very soon to form decisive habits, such as virtually decide your college career, by setting the mark in your own mind, and creating a very powerful expectation in the minds of those who know you. Look well to this, and let a true and brave purpose to be faithful to your own mind, to your family, and to God, begin with your beginning, and go with you to the end.

Companions are great elements in a student's career, and it is hard to be right without right sympathy and coöperation. You seem to be of a sympathetic and susceptible nature, and your force will depend very much upon your associates. You must be courteous and even friendly to all; but you can have but few intimates, and let these be those who help your best purposes. If I were to choose two nearest companions for a son, one should be a superior whom he could follow, and the other should be an equally congenial inferior whom he could

lead; for it is as essential to true companionship that we give worthy influence as well as receive it, and society is most complete when it invites us to be both master and disciple. Watch your opportunity, and you will find fit companions, though, perhaps, few; and in their sympathy you will find it easy to withstand a false and tyrannical public opinion, such as frequently prevails in a class, and to take and keep the position that best secures your own honor, and in the end commands the respect of all.

God's blessing be upon you, dear —. May life and health be granted you to finish your course well. Be a good scholar, a pure, and faithful, and brave spirit; and whilst shining gifts may develop themselves in your career, you will be sure to be a blessing to your family and kindred, and an honor to the Alma Mater whose loyal sons it is your father's great comfort and mine to be.

Yours, affectionately,

—————.

II

COLLEGE RANK.

I TAKE your suggestion readily, my dear friend, and am glad to add a few words of advice upon some of the most important points in your university career, after speaking as I did in my first letter of the general principles to be borne in mind. There is no more conspicuous and important point to be considered than that of college rank. The moment you join your classmates, you will hear the question asked, "Who is to be our first scholar?" and each of the four years will give new interest to the question; whilst, perhaps, as long as you live, you will remember the order in which your fellows stood on the list, and it will not be easy to believe that those old distinctions can be ever done away.

Let us understand what we mean by college rank, and try to make a due estimate of its importance as a motive. It means not, in general, the

rank which a student wins in college as a person of honor and efficiency among his companions and teachers, but that which he holds upon the scale of merit which is formed from the sum total of marks made by teachers in the recitation-room, and which is not usually modified by considerations of personal character, unless an aspirant's virtues are so positive as to quicken and exalt his intellect, or unless his faults are so strong as to show themselves in open indolence or vice. It is evident, then, that whilst this scale of merit decides much in a student's career, yet it does not decide all; and he may have much good or evil, wisdom or folly, in his mind and ways, which is not marked upon the list, so that some students from their average scholarship stand well on the books who stand ill with the class; and others, who from especial talents and pursuits or characteristics stand well with the class, stand ill on the books. In saying this, we are only saying that the college register is not infallible, and that the distribution of academic honors is not the act of the final and supreme Judge. The decision is very important, as giving a generally important and reasonably approximate view of the use that students have made of their time and

powers. It is the best *outward* criterion that can be appealed to, much safer than class opinion, since class popularity depends, especially at first, upon very uncertain qualities; and the dashing youth who is so full of generous impulses as to flur the self-denying virtues, and so strong in native talent or early training as to despise plodding industry, is most likely to be the favorite of the majority, especially of the numerous host of idlers and free-and-easy fellows, who like a brilliant companion and apologist in their own shortcomings.

I advise you to pay great respect to the scale of merit—not, indeed, as the supreme rule, or the highest good, but as a very valuable record of what you are doing, and significant reminder of what you ought to do. I know that some persons profess to despise college rank as a mean consideration, and others to condemn it as demoralizing. But surely it is not mean to wish to know how we are pursuing our studies in comparison with others, nor is it demoralizing to try to do as well as we can in competition with them. The principle of emulation or rivalry, indeed, as the main motive to study, is a very imperfect and objectionable one; yet we must remember that if some persons are

above the spirit of rivalry, others are *below* it; and it is far better that a youth should start bravely on his career under the spur of competition, than that he should not start at all, but should be found stagnating in laziness and ignorance, whilst his companions are pressing on in a race which wakes nobler powers and aspirations than were felt at the outset. Much as may be said against emulation, it is certain that it cannot wholly be dismissed, and that our social nature is such that it is very hard if not impossible to think only of absolute and ideal excellence, and even the most faintly characters, who have risen above all petty rivalry, are vastly stimulated to new efforts by each other's virtues, like the Apostle, who would have his friends consider each other, and "provoke to love and good works."

Let me be distinctly understood as to the just use of the principle of emulation. It would certainly taint your affections at once, if you entered the field solely or mainly to distance your rival or rivals, for you thus subordinate the pursuit of knowledge and the discipline of the faculties to personal competition, and success itself becomes morally defeat, whilst defeat becomes doubly such,

and wrecks pride and principle at once. Yet, if you say that you will never care how you stand in the general average, you deceive yourself, for you do care; and the very students who affect most to despise college rank, are very emulous for other things—emulous to be first on the list of dainty gentlemen, or renouncing bullies, leaders of the roughs or the smooths, the hards or the softs, those lasting distinctions that divide the idlers of the class. The feeling against those who think mainly of winning a high rank is very strong, not only among the idlers, but the generous and manly portion of the class; yet it is directed, not against those who wish to stand well, but against those who are aiming constantly to stand better than others, and who tend to carry rivalry to the extreme of envy, if not detraction. Erring as class-opinion is apt to be, it has no stigma for those who are willing to have it fully understood that they came to college to study, and they wish to have a free field and fair play, with as much success ascribed to them as they win, and no more.

I advise you to act somewhat in this wise in respect to college honors. Make as fair an estimate as you can of your talents and acquisitions, to

begin with. You will carry to college with you some definite opinion of what you are, and what you can do. As you, my dear fellow, entered, I am glad to hear, without any conditions, this fact proves that you have at least fair gifts, and that you ought to stand well in your class. It is ample proof that you can begin with good hope the studies of your course. Learn every lesson well, and as new branches task new faculties, and you come into competition with your classmates, you can form a somewhat positive estimate of what your just level is, or the place that you can win and keep by proper method and exertion. You may find yourself perhaps easily or decidedly at the head of your class the first term. If this is so, you ought not to lose your place by indolence or negligence, and whilst fidelity to all your opportunities is the highest rule of action, this rule will not be set aside, but may be strengthened by a fair statement of your progress, such as your teachers can give you. The scale of rank will then be, not your guiding motive, but your time-keeper—not, indeed, starting you on your journey, but advising you whether you have kept your way with due diligence. In some cases a youth who starts as the

first scholar must inevitably resign his place to some competitor who surpasses him in the later studies, such as the higher mathematics, metaphysics, and original thinking and composition. In such case it becomes the disappointed one to measure his dignity by fidelity, not by victory, and zealously—nay, devoutly—beware of so setting his heart upon surpassing a rival as to measure the success of his career by a standard sadly embittering and demoralizing. The great aim should be to find out our own orbit, and move in it faithfully, whatever it may be.

In a large number of a class like yours, of over a hundred members, there must be defects of native endowment, and a considerable proportion must have very limited talents, so that nothing can be more foolish than for parents to exact of a son the very highest results, without respect to native gifts. It is cruel to tell a youth to be first scholar at any rate, because he may not have sufficient talent, or else he may have such peculiar talents that the highest fidelity to his own mind may not allow him to give such time and thought to all the branches of study as to win the palm in all. Making all fair allowance, however, for difference of talent, it is

obvious that the most marked cause of defective scholarship is negligence, and that an industrious youth of determined industry and moderate gifts may depend upon bearing a respectable rank, certainly on standing in the first quarter of the class, and securing a part at commencement. It is equally obvious that a youth of good talents, with due industry, may stand among the first ten or twelve scholars.

If I am asked whether college rank is worth striving for from its promise of after efficiency, and whether high scholars keep their relative place in the world, I can say without qualification, that distinction in scholarship is a certain good, but not always the highest good. If you rank as first in your class at graduating, you carry into the world an amount of knowledge and habits of application that ought to serve you through life. Yet no mistake can be greater than to mistake the beginning for the end, or to confound, as some do, the preparation for the work of life with the work itself. First scholars often do this, and think that they have hit the mark when they have merely won their way into the arena, foolishly assuming the airs of conquest when they have only learned to use their

weapons and wear their armor. It is not strange, therefore, that they often yield in the actual world to more determined and less sanguine aspirants, who go to work as if the battle were to be won, and who justify their brave and modest purposes by stout blows and rich trophies. Moreover, high scholars are often indebted to ready memory, a glib tongue, and a versatile mind, for a distinction in study which cannot be kept up when new fields call for stern work, and task the more aggressive and effective powers, especially the powers of original thought, practical judgment, and manly courage. Yet the disappointment of such scholars does not disparage their industry or their rank, but simply shows that there are different gifts, and whilst their faithful study did much for them, it did not do everything. In one respect, perhaps, a student who is bent on winning the highest rank may sometimes damage his efficiency in the world by spreading his energies over too wide a surface, neglecting the special gifts which are his peculiar prerogative and main dependence. Yet even here there is a compensation, since the studies which regard for rank moves him to pursue, are those that he may most need to complete his culture, whilst the studies that are his spe-

cial branches are pretty sure to have attention enough without being interfered with by other branches. I believe, however, that high scholarship, as marked by the scale of rank, is an unalloyed good, when fought and won with true practical aim; and the most frequent cause of the failure of college rank to keep its place in the world arises from the too frequent passion for immediate success, or the habit of depending on immediate applause, as in the recitation-room, instead of striving for an object good in itself, and looking to a distant day to justify and reward the striving. I therefore consider that student as having the best promise of usefulness and success in life who unites the best scholarship with the most practical aims, and who studies for the substance, not for the show of things. This combination is rarely found very low in the scale of rank, and not always at the top of the list. If the college catalogue is carefully studied, it will be found, probably, that the most effective men have been those who have united a determined purpose with fair if not brilliant scholarship, and the first scholar by the college scale is often if not generally distanced by some man of more nerve, if of less versatility, in the sterner arena of life.

Summing up our ideas practically, I advise you to think of college rank, not as the end, but as one of the means of self-discipline and manly culture. It will be of great use to you if you are apt to be careless and languid, drifting with the stream of events and companions without thinking of the result. It will keep you posted up as to your actual proficiency, and may show you how negligent you have been or are becoming, before you are aware of any change in your method; as some loiterer who may think he has time enough to ramble in the woods before returning home, finds by a glance at his watch that the hours are passing, and he must hasten back, or stumble on the dark mountains. If you do the best that in you lies, it will be useful to know how you stand in regard to your classmates, and what studies you are thought most to neglect or least able to pursue with efficiency. If, on the contrary, you begin feebly, and are doing little or nothing, it is well for you to know it, and either change your course, or else leave college at once, instead of being a student only in name, and shaming high opportunities by pitiful performance. Be assured that neglect of the regular college studies is no light loss, and that future energy, whilst it may

give new wisdom and power, can never restore to you the lost hours and lessons of your youth.

One word in conclusion—a word probably more pertinent to your case. If you find yourself ambitious of distinction, and painfully alive to competition, strive to warm and elevate rivalry as much as you can by generous sympathy and enthusiasm. Know and love your competitors, and study with them, so as to try to feel, and make them feel that there is a fellowship of pursuits and gifts. If you surpass them in some things, allow that in other things you are surpassed by them, and thus see, and make them see, that all superiority has in itself a ground of deference and a need of companionship. He who bears the palm will then not fail to be modest in his triumph, and he who yields it after manly striving will not lose self-respect nor fellow-feeling. Thus emulation, whilst it keeps its zest, will lose its sting, and they who have been rivals in rank will be none the less friends and helpers in all coming time. Sad and sometimes terrible is the opposite course, when rivalry is so intense and personal as to become bitter and even malign, poisoning the motives of study, ruining the true qualities of the spirit, and bringing the worst passions

of the world into the sacred retreats of letters. Against such rivalry strive and pray. May God open to you, as to us in our day, a circle of cherished companions who are near at heart as in studies, and who gain, and continue still to gain from each other far more by mutual encouragement than by jealous competition. It was a priceless blessing to us, that those who were most closely rivals by position were the closest friends in affection and principle.

I may write you again on college societies, and society at large.

III.

COMPANIONS AND CLUBS.

I TOUCHED a little in my first letter upon college friendships, but the subject is so important as to demand consideration by itself. You already feel as never before the value and significance of associates, in presence of your hundred classmates, who are every day surprising you with new developments of character, and awakening within you new affinities and antipathies. There is a great deal in your future social career that will take care of itself; and when no positive principle forbids, it is best for a youth to follow the great law of elective affinities, and go most with the companions whom he best likes, and who best like him. Yet his free choice will be pretty sure to move in paths of settled conviction, as well as of pleasant tastes, and the stronger is his sense of honor and purity, the more select will his associations be. Especially will he be able to exercise discretion in choosing between the vari-

ous college societies that solicit his interest and participation; and if he may find on his list of friends some kind-hearted fellow whose indolence or laxity he cannot approve, he can have no excuse for committing himself to organized associations that tend to foster indolence or laxity.

You will find yourself busily studying character around you for some months to come, and making estimates that further experience will sometimes fix, and sometimes wholly set aside. Some who captivate you at first sight by cordial manners and generous ideas, will keep their hold upon you for life, binding you to them with a golden chain that brightens by being worn; whilst others, perhaps equally attractive at the outset, will soon fail to please you, as the dull lead or the corrosive brass flows out from under the flashy wash of the surface. For a while, the diversity of traits will seem so great as to defy all attempts at classification; but before many months have gone—certainly at the close of your first year—you will find the crowd indicating certain leading tendencies, as he who watches the waters of a bay sees in time that what seemed an indiscriminate mass has its depths, shallows, and tides, and that, instead of being left to

the play of chance, the waters follow certain dominant dispositions, and are likely to do so long as shores, and winds, and heavens are the same.

Perhaps the first distinction that impresses you after the very natural interest you must take in deciding upon the looks of your class, and chatting as usual upon the candidates for the honors of being the Apollo or the Hercules of your Pantheon, will be made by the apparent distinctions of fortune. You must observe, by the furniture, dress, and general habits of some, that they have plenty of money to spend, whilst others bear marks of great limitation—a limitation that sometimes amounts to pinching poverty. Once in a while you may be tempted to smile at a classmate's coat or pantaloons that may bear marks of having been worn threadbare by some elder of the family before serving the present wearer, and yet you may soon find the wearer to be an earnest, noble fellow, of whose acquaintance you are proud, and whose mental riches you may covet. Obtrusive as the distinction of wealth is at first, it holds of itself, in the long run, a very small place in college opinion; and many a poor student who has to work and pinch himself to pay his term bills, has a place not only

in the recitation-room, but on the College Green, and in the literary and social clubs, that the son of the millionaire generally despairs of attaining. No aspect of college life is more grateful to be remembered than the general kindness toward those who are struggling with hard fortunes; and I heard this fact commented upon most tenderly this very week, by two Cambridge graduates who spoke from personal experience, and received the highest honors of their class, after helping themselves on by making fires, ringing bells, and other honest but somewhat homely acts of usefulness. I allow that there is a good deal of a certain caste or aristocracy in college, and that much prestige is given by high family, especially when associated with a noble bearing, and either with a commanding carriage or brilliant talents. The youth who is most easily the class-favorite is he who is at once the genial gentleman and the gifted scholar, seeming more to prevail by blood and genius than by hard study, and to succeed more because he cannot help it, than because he cares about distancing a rival, or standing well upon the rank-list. The best specimen of this style of character may, however, have his most intimate friend in a student whose pedigree and whose purse

are equally scanty, and whose strong sense and loyal study enable him to give to his lordlier associate far more than he receives. In fact, no greater blessing can happen to a class, than when the lords and commons are brought together in generous coöperation under the leadership of two such characters, as when the Cobdens and Ruffells, or Franklins and Washingtons put their heads and hands together, and the people say, Amen.

If I were to advise a son to regulate his conduct at all with reference to distinctions of wealth, it would be mainly to warn him against the habits of expense that are usually fostered by the richer students, and to urge him to live in great simplicity, such as lessens instead of widening the line between the rich and the poor in college. Habits of expense are likely to nurture a wholly false taste, and lead to the miserable mistake of confounding the amount of money spent with the amount of good to be received. The best standard of living is that which brings a student near to the common lot, and makes him enter most heartily into the feelings of those who have their own way to make in the world, and who eat, and drink, and dress, and study in such a way as best to fit them to take a solid and indepen-

dent position in the world. The common lot is like the common soil, the brown earth on which we tread, and plough, and plant. The seed may have a daintier look when wrapped in white paper, and put upon the shelf, than when sown broadcast upon the land; but only when taken from the shelf, and put into the ground, does it germinate and bear fruit. The youth who goes mainly with the rich or exclusive, misses the wholesome brown earth where growth most thrives; and I could not promise well of any student's future who did not have among his intimates some hard-working companions from the great middling class of our people, whose habits and whose honor it is to be industrious and self-relying.

You may be asked soon to join societies that will decide your social affinities through your college course. I am not well posted up, indeed, as to the present condition of such societies, but I remember very well how matters stood at Cambridge in our day, and times have not probably wholly changed. There were some societies which seemed to be based chiefly upon expensive habits; and although their members denied this charge, and maintained that the aim was mainly to nurture

gentlemanly tastes, and that the cost was not excessive nor the conviviality extreme, it was evident, alike from the testimony of seceders and the tendencies of the mass of the actual members, that there was more pride and self-indulgence than refinement or literature in the spirit of the association. My own feeling is against what were called the aristocratic clubs in college; yet I had excellent friends who belonged to them, and who sustained a high personal character. I cannot advise a young man, however ample his means, to join any association that tends to encourage the spirit of social or financial caste, and slight distinctions of intellect and principle. I advise you not to join any club that must separate you from the majority of your class by its expense or aristocratic exclusiveness. The more such distinctions are ignored in college the better, and the greater the opportunity for leaving the literary tastes and social affections of students to associate in freedom. The only essential principles to be considered in joining or establishing college societies are those that act upon character and attainments. That is the best society that best favors good fellowship and good scholarship, and which is therefore most open to

the good fellows and good scholars, and to all who wish to become such. It is well that there should be an element of conviviality, but this should be secondary, and within the limits of entire sobriety; and even this conviviality will be more genuine if personal improvement is the main end, and the play is merrier because it comes after the work that is to be done. I remember with great pleasure four or five college societies that were full of social life and mental stimulus. The first of these was got up by a dozen or two of us in our Freshman year, when we held debates in each other's rooms every fortnight, with no other revels than a cigar for those who liked to smoke, and a parting supper at the end of the year, this latter being the only part of the history that does not win respect as I look back to it. This little club introduced some of us to the practice of extempore speaking, which we have continued almost every week to the present time. Then came the "Institute of 1770," a noble old society, with regular debates and declamations, that were of great service, alike in bringing out modest talent, and in forming a sound college opinion. Then came the Hasty Pudding Club, with its fun as well as its philosophy—its stories,

longs, and bowls, and spoons, pudding, milk, butter, and molasses, as well as its essays and orations. If I remember rightly, I began my public life by giving the Halfy Pudding Oration, and remember with great pleasure the social and often brilliant evenings that we passed together over the huge iron pots, with their golden contents. The best of the college societies, however, for intellectual improvement, was one that we formed in our day under the name of Harvard Union, under whose auspices we heard the best debates that I ever had the good fortune to attend. This association was quite comprehensive in its plan, and was open to the members of the two, and perhaps the three elder classes. The most weighty subjects were discussed with earnestness and dignity, by youths, many of whom are now known in the prominent places in literature and the professions. I think highly of the tendency of such movements under good management, and am quite sure that they not only improved the speakers, but instructed and quickened the hearers, doing much to elevate the standard of opinion in the college at large. I hear nothing of the Harvard Union now, but I hope that its place is held by some similar institution.

We sometimes had voluntary meetings in presence of our professors, and of these I remember with especial pleasure our evenings with Chaucer and Spenser at Professor Edward T. Channing's study. How his genial face shone in the light of the winter's fire, and threw new meaning upon the rare gems of thought and humor and imagination of those kings of ancient song. Who of us does not bless him every day that we write an English sentence for his pure taste and admirable simplicity? I remember well also a little coterie who met to declaim choice pieces of prose and verse with the professor of elocution, our enthusiastic friend, Dr. Barber. Those twelve or fourteen youths have had various destinies, but none of them has made more mark in the world than the handsome, brilliant, free-and-easy fellow who used to declaim Byron with downturned collar, that showed a throat smooth and full as a girl's. He spoke and wrote well, but we never expected Motley to read Dutch and write the History of Holland.

Other organizations there are for special purposes, especially for favorite amusements, such as are well known. So far as it is expedient to have companions in recreation, as in ball-playing or row-

ing, one must do so; but the less cumbrous the organization the better, and the freer each one is left to the use of his time and the range of his studies and tastes the better for him. There are sometimes cafes of regular combinations for unworthy purposes—either equivocal pleasures, or pernicious ideas and usages. Against fellowships in smoke, and liquor, and ribaldry, I need not warn you, and I hope that there is no need now of warning any student of Harvard in these days. I hope that the social life that prevails now, answers, and more than answers, to what was best in our time, and not only favors sound morals, but also a free and earnest faith. Perhaps the most memorable association in our college course was one decidedly religious, that we joined in our Senior year, and which was regularly transmitted to us from the previous class, with a record-book, which the late Judge Hopkinson brought to me at the time. It numbered members of every creed, from the freest to the strictest, upon a true Broad Church platform, and required each one in turn to prepare an original essay, and offer a prayer, either original or selected. I remember well when your father, then a youth in his teens, took his turn, and besides reading an essay of his

own, offered a free and fervent prayer that impressed all present, even those of the strictest sects. Much fruit grew from this association, and it did much to decide the professional career of some of the members. It will be well to continue such an organization, although it is best not to have it so secret as was our custom, and a proper degree of privacy may exist without secrecy. As an expression of faith, however, nothing is so good as a direct connection with the Church, and I regret that so many of our earnest young men left this step till the close of the college course. The more affectionate and cheerful ideas of religion that now prevail, make it easier for a genial and reverential student to become a communicant now than in the older times.

Some societies that are now defunct, perhaps on account of being mismanaged, seemed useful in our day as safety-valves of buoyant animal spirits; and I cannot but regret the demise of the Med. Fac., with its masquerade and diablerie, which served as the true college carnival, and the Harvard Washington Corps, with its healthy drill, and valuable tribute to muscle and energy. Other means, of course, will answer the same ends; but for my own part, I would rather see old customs reformed than

abolished. The Med. Fac. frolic tempted to no inebriation, and was more innocent than a raid upon henroosts, or a covert visit to the city; and the military corps gave more general activity, and developed better energy than is apt to come from the boat-clubs. But every generation must settle its own problems, and I am only saying that we had our way of settling ours.

As to college societies in general, I would advise you to be quite at ease as to their smiles or frowns, very sure that you will need none of them but such as help forward your culture; and your affinity for these will not fail to open them to you. As to purely convivial societies, they will be likely to take time that you can pass more profitably and pleasantly in your own way; but if you are asked to join occasionally in college pleasantries, you will be at little loss to decide upon each case according to the parties and principles concerned. It is evident, however, that an earnest young man's social nature cannot be shut up within any set organizations, and that he will move freely according to his affinities in the class and classes at large. Moving thus freely he will still find that all habits and dispositions tend to a more or less open organization, and

that every class becomes virtually a society, animated by a few leading men and principles. It will have, on every subject of conduct or opinion, its right, and left, and centre; and the position held by each member on a leading subject is apt to decide his position on other subjects. Thus industry leads the right wing in the direction of faithful study, and idleness gathers its truants on the left, and tries to maintain and vindicate its position by some show of manliness or self-sufficiency, and sometimes not wholly in mockery, distributes its honors to its model dunces.

Morals and religion show something of the same tendency as industry, in developing their opposites, and sometimes they identify their position with that of good scholarship, and every sound, conservative principle. The nature of society, whether in schools or nations, thus will show itself, and youths, like men, will combine according to their dominant dispositions, for men need sympathy to help them in well-doing or in ill-doing. I urge you to respectfully the sympathetic element in education, and to win and give as much as you can of its blessing. I urge you especially to understand the force of a positive and aggressive attitude in every good move-

ment, and to seek such companions as are not shaking in their shoes, but going bravely forward towards worthy ends—most earnest yourself to enter into their spirit by joining them in their career. The trouble too often is with well-disposed students, that they are timid and apologetic towards idlers and profligates, and sometimes almost beg their pardon, instead of rebuking their folly, and stopping their insults. The true position for rectitude is active and aggressive. *Momentum* is more than a match for *inertia*, and a little ball in motion knocks down easily ten great pins that are stationary. Let the good fellows and the good principles in college be in the active voice, true to their own instincts and true to each other, and before the four years' end, it will be found that the greatest power goes with the best purposes, and not only have the good fellows kept their own ground, but that they have carried the war into the enemy's country, and won over to their side half the idlers and scoffers in the class. Remember this fact early; and where the true flag of honor, purity, and faith floats, there do not be ashamed to show yourself without fear and without presumption.

I hope to speak further of society, more in its relations to the world outside the college-walls.

IV.

THE STUDENT AND THE WORLD.

I TAKE a somewhat broader range, my dear friend, in these letters, than I at first intended, because the circle of readers widens, and being asked to write for other young men situated as you are, I prefer printing to copying out this series of plain counsels. The subject now before us is the Student and the World, especially the world of pleasure and sociality outside the college walls.

There is something half monkish and half military in the position of our collegians. The old universities were actually under monastic supervision, and their cloisters were not wholly unlike those of the great monasteries. Each college was a religious house that generally bore in its very name the ghostly prestige of its origin. Our modern universities, such as the great seminaries of Germany, have the seclusion of the camp rather than of the convent, and are kept from the broad world more

by exacting studies, clannish temper, and rough manners, than by any exclusive rule. We see both specimens of the student among ourselves; and some pale recluse who looks as if he had stepped out of the cloister, and never played with merry children, finds himself startled at his midnight-lamp by the din from the room of his next neighbor, who is renouncing it with a knot of like bloods over the brimming punch-bowl, in an atmosphere of smoke as thick as that of the battle-field. Perhaps the military element generally predominates, and our students keep out of society because they prefer the rough ways of the college to the smooth ways of the drawing-room. The consequence is, that like soldiers and sailors, they suffer from the absence of refining society, especially female society, and instead of being saved from sensualism by the seclusion, they tend too much towards the gross passions of the camp and the fleet.

On this account some reformers are for abandoning the collegiate life altogether, giving up the plan of rooming within the academic walls, and scattering the students throughout the homes of the city. But saying nothing of the exposure of such students as come from a distance, with no good home in the

city, or near enough the college, it is clear that an advantage is lost by separating the young men from each other, and from the self-relying discipline that life within the college halls ought to give. I am aware that the question between the two systems is full of difficulties, but so far as I can judge from observation, I am compelled to give the preference to the old system, and to regard those institutions as least successful that call their students together only for recitation, and then dismiss them to the excitements and pleasures, or perhaps to the unwholesome seclusion of home. It is not well, indeed, to allow the youth to forget home, and its delights and affections. Yet twelve weeks of vacation give ample opportunity to keep home feelings fresh, and the months of absence, instead of chilling, ought to quicken the love for the *old fireside*, which is never more precious than when seen in the enchantment of distance, and with the hope of return. The important point is to maintain a true student's seclusion without loss of refinement and affection. This point may be reached without any departure from studious habits or from social intercourse. A young man at college may not only find good society among his classmates, but he has ample opportunity

for quiet and profitable sociality among families near by. If at Cambridge, he may use his leisure Saturday to the great advantage of his health and spirits by visiting friends in town, or in the neighboring towns, or by seeing the arts, and perhaps hearing the music of the city. If he employs his Saturdays and his vacations well, he can be a faithful student without becoming an anchorite or a clown.

A question often comes up as to the propriety of a collegian's frequenting evening parties, or accepting such invitations as frequently come to him, especially if he has many relatives and friends in the neighborhood. A little candid thought will meet the question at once, and distinguish between the occasional social visiting that refreshes and encourages a youth, and the round of dissipation that fevers and weakens him. It is best for a student at Cambridge to keep wholly out of the round of fashionable dinners and parties. They are wholly incompatible with fidelity to his studies. To go to Boston and sit three or four hours at a great dinner, is worse for him than two days' lessons in one; and to endure the heat, and air, and eating and drinking of an evening party or ball, of the usual pattern, is

worse than a week's midnight study with quiet and temperance. Besides, such visits are immensely prodigal of time; and a youth who visits much in the great world is a spendthrift of his hours and his thoughts at once. He is also in great danger of becoming a poor trifler, and making amusement the occupation instead of the incident of his life. He is tempted, also, to form engrossing and foolish intimacies; and if he escapes the inglorious fate of being the *Æolian* attachment to some flighty girl's piano, or the poodle in her leading-strings, he may fall into the equally hurtful snare of general coquetry, and become one of those habitual admirers of the sex, those professed lady's men, whom men dislike and true women abominate.

Without any such extreme, without being a diner-out or a party-goer, a studious youth may easily keep up his social interests, and live within the refining and idealizing influence of good female society. He has one day of the week expressly at his command, and he may add to the customary Saturday an occasional Sunday for visiting friends, if his own home is too far distant. He will not fail to make pleasant acquaintances in the families of his classmates, which will make his leisure days

agreeable; and within the shadow of the university itself he will find homes open to him which he may visit with pleasure and profit. The kind of sociality that prevails in a university town is generally of a quiet and wholesome kind, and a student who chats or dances an hour or two in good company, and is back in his room an hour before midnight, may once a week or fortnight repeat the experiment without harm to health or philosophy. It is an excellent thing to combine healthful exercise with sociality, as when alone or with a friend or two you walk a few miles into the country, and calling on some acquaintance for an hour, you return with clearer brain and lighter heart, to welcome studies and to a sounder sleep.

College life, although given to studies called by eminence liberal, has its own forms of narrowness; and students are often full of poor prejudices. Their frequent error is to underrate the business and the men of the world, and to measure intellectual power purely by a bookish standard. It is well for them, therefore, to mingle with the leaders of the actual world, and learn for themselves the superior strength and point of a practical over a merely scholastic training. I advise you to call on

business men sometimes at their stores and factories, to look upon the wharves and ship-yards, to hear once in a while a good argument in court, and to assure yourself that all knowledge and power are not shut up within the walls of the university. It is good, also, to keep up a close acquaintance with the soil and its tillers, and you must not lose your frequent opportunities of visiting the country places that offer you a free range over the fields, as well as a welcome seat at the table. For want of such contact with the great world, and its work, many students become hopelessly scholastic, and the pale cast that sicklies over their face is not so much the stamp of the presence of thought, as of the absence of active force and practical aim. Mind and body will be gainers by a more positive tone, and the style of composition and manners must win energy in this practical school. The peculiar intellectual failing of sedentary men—a dreamy, *subjective* turn of thought and fancy—will be checked; and in writing, speaking, and scheming, a healthy, effective, *objective* manner will be encouraged. Too many students write and speak as one that beateth the air. Contact with practical men will move them to give up their rhetorical flourishes, and hit the nail on the

head. The great classic writers, Homer and Demosthenes at the top of them, have a remarkably direct and business style of utterance ; and they who would understand and win anything of their power must learn to look, as they did, to the great world of facts and deeds.

As the student's subjectivity may be profitably corrected by contact with the world's reality, so his too cold and heavy and formal intellectualism may be corrected by association with the vivacity and grace and insight of refined and gifted women. As humanity is both masculine and feminine, the true human culture should be so too, and no young man can be well educated by men alone. Without arguing the question of opening colleges to both sexes, I am convinced that our students owe some of the worst defects of their style and thinking to exclusively masculine teachers and companions, and if they would converse more with bright women, they would be saved from much of that dull scholastic posing which is the incubus on college diction, and they would win a colloquial ease which is the finest grace of style, and the essential of effective eloquence. It will be well for you to visit in families where conversation is interesting and quicken-

ing; and if two or three households are open to you where sensible mothers and sprightly daughters combine their gifts, you may find yourself as much profited as pleased by the sociality.

An advantage more important than that which is merely intellectual comes from good female society. True women feel more than most men the higher realities of life, and are able without any labored preaching or moralizing to impress a young man with a living sense of divine things. There is an ideality in their nature greater than they often comprehend in their thinking; or, in other words, they are often wiser and better than they know, and can *inspire* more than they can *teach*. Nothing gives a youth a more vital and effective ideal of life, than the best female society, and more corrects the sensualism that grows out of natural instincts unchecked. EMERSON wisely remarks that the sexual passion seems to be immensely overloaded, and its power is probably proof of the determination of nature to keep and continue her own. He might go on to illustrate the remarkable correctives of this passion through the higher affections and ideas that true feminine society inspires. Duly cultivated, those very instincts that ruin so many by debasing excesses

yield exalting motives, as the rank earth, which worms may infest and weeds may cover, will, under true culture, produce fair lilies and sweet roses. The ideal sense which sensible and refined women nurture in young men marvellously helps their morals as well as their intellect, and when united with loyal habits of study and judicious methods of exercise, keeps down the grosser passions, and does much to keep the senses where they had better rest until manhood awakens them into full consciousness, and God's law does not refuse its sanction.

I hope to write a letter or two more of this series, and treat of personal habits and religious principles.

V.

PERSONAL HABITS.

It has seemed to me, especially of late years, as I have observed more the ways of men, and tried to study better the nature of human power, that the philosophy of habit is very inadequately understood, and that we are too apt to ascribe to a merely mechanical routine the results that come from the recurrent play of vital forces. Three moments of chief importance are to be noted in the order of our habits: First, we note the beginning, which generally joins an idea to an action, as when a child begins to eat bread, and associates the sight or idea of bread with the act of taking and masticating it. According to this view, a habit begins in the union of *sense* with *activity*. Secondly, we note the recurrence, which either by an external or internal cause repeats the union, and the idea of the thing sought renews the seeking of it, as when the child who has tasted bread is led to seek it again, so as to form a more

or less regular custom of eating. Thirdly, we note the bearing of the several classes of habits upon each other, as when the child is trained to adjust the hours of eating to the hours of sleep, exercise, study, or play. We gain great light upon our own self-discipline, if we study our ways in this manner, and ask ourselves what practices we have begun, how often they tend to recur, and how they harmonize with one another, especially how effectually the higher tendencies master the lower, and the noblest habits regulate the more sensual and material.

Viewed in this light, what immense importance attaches to the years of student life, when a youth, no longer under the schoolmaster's eye, is left so much to himself, and away from the watch of home and family, is to form those methods of thought and action that are very likely to go with him through life! It is evident that the highest self-control or the lowest self-indulgence may be made the dominant custom, and thus become a second nature. It is never, indeed, too late for a man to repent; but surely he who carries from college into the world habits of indolence and dissipation, however bitterly he repents of his folly, must bear some of

its fruits with him to his dying day. In youth, as we learn languages so easily, we also learn that higher art of articulation—the pronouncing of our senses and powers into distinct and expressive habits. Not only do the feet best learn to dance in youth, but the whole of our nature best learns to walk its choral round, and mind and heart and will may keep step with the hours to the cheering music that is made by the pulse-beats of young and healthy blood.

A true system of habits has its foundation in the ordering of our bodily instincts and appetites, especially in duly adjusting or balancing the receptive and active functions. He is a healthy man who adjusts properly the thought and action that exhaust his strength with the food and sleep that restore it, and who in like manner keeps up the balance between his sensitive nerves and active muscles by relieving excitement of nerves by active exercise, and quickening muscular solidity by nervous sensibility. The law of polarity, which pervades all creation, is eminently powerful in the human constitution; and all true life, whether of body or mind, comes from the harmony of forces that seem to be antagonists.

The most obvious polar diversity is that which contrasts our sleeping with our waking hours, and almost repeats the images of death and life. How long we ought to sleep I do not undertake to say with positive certainty, so widely do different persons vary, and so much do many people err from the truth by counting as sleep only their hours of being in bed, whilst they never seem to be fully awake even at noon-day, and others who lounge half the time in bed are rarely found asleep. If I were to try to state the true rule for sleep, according to the best experience and observation, it would be eight hours, and surely never less than seven. A student needs, probably, more sleep than a laboring man, alike because his brain is more used (and the brain suffers more than the muscles from overaction), and because, moreover, the student is so apt to carry the thoughtfulness of study to his pillow as to find it hard to drop into slumber at once, as the tired workman generally does. I advise you to be very careful to secure regular and sufficient sleep; and in most cases when you are tempted by peculiar anxiety to sit up very late, and win study at the cost of an excited brain, it is better to think more of keeping the instrument sound than of

forcing the work. I have suffered sometimes by continual late study, and have kept at my pen till morning. Now, I prefer a healthy brain to an elaborate manuscript, and am surer of success in such emergencies by speaking extempore from a clear and cool head, than by reading a discourse that has been written by the midnight lamp. I do not believe in the midnight lamp at all, and advise you to be on your pillow always at least an hour before that witching time. In summer it is well for a student to go to bed at ten and rise at six, or half an hour before, and in winter he may retire and rise an hour later. As to any considerable study before breakfast, I do not recommend it, and am inclined to think as poorly of morning candle-light as of the midnight lamp. I tried once to steal time for translating a work from the German by early morning study, and the symptoms of a nervous fever that appeared in the course of a few weeks led me never to repeat the experiment.

As to hours of study, they should never exceed those now made the limit of manual labor—ten hours—and I believe that six hours of close application will in the long run accomplish more good work than twelve hours. If a youth actually

studies six hours, and adds to this the time spent in going to and from recitation, and in waiting for others to recite, he will find very little of the working part of the day left. If we add to six hours of actual work over books the time usually given by an earnest student to thought, and reading, and instructive conversation, it will be found that twelve out of the twenty-four hours are generally given to the culture of the mind. Stating my views in another way, I can say that there is wisdom in dividing the day into three parts of eight hours each—one part for sleep; one for such exertion of the mind as may be called study, whether learning lessons or talking the thoughts by solid reading or careful meditation; one part for recreation, or for all that refreshes soul and body by food, exercise, society, and all such intellectual occupations as belong more to the play rather than to the work of the mind. I do not, of course, mean to say that these three parts should be separated by a rigid line, and that recreation and study should occupy each eight consecutive hours. It is best for one not to give more than two consecutive hours to one object; and he is wise who goes from one study to another, or intersperses study with exercise or conversation,

so as to secure constant freshness and life. The Jesuits, who are marvellously shrewd in their way, forbid their pupils from studying more than two hours without intermission; and Voltaire, who so hated the Jesuits, copied their sagacity by keeping sometimes four desks in his library, with an unfinished work on each, and going, as he was moved, from one to the other, as poetry, history, criticism, or philosophy invited him. You will do well to study a judicious alternation in the division of your time and studies, being especially careful to sweeten hard and repulsive branches by such as are more pleasant, and in every way to change the posture of your mind, so as to refresh and relieve the more weary faculties. Thus you will really study, and not pretend to do so, as is the way with many who pore listlessly over the book hour after hour, and are about as much wiser at the end as the spaniel at their feet, or the bird in the window.

As to the things of the table—in our day we were not tempted as you may be. We boarded in commons, and paid, I think, but a dollar and ninety cents a week for board—a sum that did not furnish many alluring luxuries. The simplicity of this fare sometimes tempted us to make up for it by some

little refecton in our rooms, and not a few carried this practice to an injurious extent by excessive eating and drinking in the evening. It is best for a student to live amply, but plainly, and be content with what is set upon a good family-table. I consider all that is eaten after the regular meals as worse than useless; and many of our stout fellows owed the cause of their dyspepsia and "blues" to the frequent punch and mince-pies that made their evening entertainment. As to wine and ardent spirits, the less of them so much the better; and without reviving the Mohammedan doctrine that makes it a sin in itself to taste the juice of the grape, it is enough to say that the young fellow who has not enough of the wine of life in his heart to keep him merry and up to any genial sport, without stimulants, is a disgrace to youthful humanity. Most students who use wine repent of it most bitterly, and I never knew one who abstained from it to regret the self-denial. Without taking any ascetic ground, or being wiser than the Gospel, I advise you to keep wholly out of college carousals, and to have no incentives to such indulgence in your room. I say the same of tobacco; and whilst your companions will do as they choose, I hope that you will

let this potent weed alone, and will be free from its smell and its poison. They who use it never advise others to begin the practice. I can speak from the opposite experience; and never having used it in any form, attribute somewhat of my uniform health, in spite of a delicate constitution, to my abstinence. I think the habit unclean and pernicious, inviting frequent potations by artificial thirst, and stimulating the nervous system, and depraving the whole sensitive organism.

In judging of the harm done by the leading vices to which youth is tempted, it is well to judge of them by three tests—*quantity*, *quality*, and *relation*—according to the categories of the new logic. Some vices are such merely from quantity, or overstepping a certain limit, as gluttony, which is wrong, not because it is eating, but because it is excessive eating. Other vices are such from their essential quality, such as licentiousness, which is wrong in its first step, and in its beginning it should be wholly checked. The proper as well as the easiest rule for governing the instincts that lead to licentiousness is to keep them in check, and preoccupy the mind with wholesome thoughts and affections, and regulate the body by just diet and activity. It is easier

to be wholly correct than partly so; and as to all vices of sensualism, I can do no better than quote the emphatic remark of Professor ERDMANN, of Halle, in his recent lectures on Academic Life and Study. Distinguishing between conviviality and licentiousness, he maintains that he who intrudes precociously into the temple of Bacchus dishonors the temple, but commits no sacrilege. "He is guilty of sacrilege, however, who, without being initiated by the consecration of nature, thievishly skulks into the mysteries of Aphrodite, and of double the sin if he makes a beast of himself in this forbidden temple." It is idle to try to maintain that purity of life costs no struggle in youth, but it is worse than idle to deny that the victory may be secured, and the whole culture is deepened and exalted by the conquest.

As to vices of relation, the best example may be taken from the use of money. The waste of money is in all cases wrong, but even the spending of it for things unobjectionable in themselves, but not essential to living, is very wrong when it is beyond a student's just means, and becomes oppressive to parents in limited circumstances. What can be meaner than for a student to indulge himself in

expences for drefs and amusements and costly books, and matters of taste, whilst his parents are struggling to pay his term-bills, and even the frugal household is more scanty because of the effort to give him an education? The wrong becomes monstrous when dissipation, as is sometimes the case, attends prodigality, and the son allows his family at home to pinch their table and wardrobe, whilst he feasts and rides like an heir of fortune, and is perhaps sent home in disgrace and debt, the mortification as well as the ruin of his father. Let not the rich man's son think himself exempt from this outrage, if he squanders the time and opportunity that are more than gold, and returns his father's toil and mother's love by indolence or vice, and mortifies the whole family by his nothingness or perversity, wasting a life that is more precious than money.

As to bodily exercise, so much is said of its importance now, that I need not treat it at length. You must never forget that muscular activity is the natural offset to nervous excitement, and take such exercise as your opportunities and constitution dictate. You do not wish, however, to become a pugilist or stevedore; and it is important to prefer

the exercises that brace the nerves and inspirit the mind, to those that merely swell the muscles, and tend to vulgarize the form and movements. For this aim the knightly arts and sports are better than the common gymnastics.

One letter on morals and religion will close this series.

VI.

MORALS AND RELIGION.

THE letters of this series, thus far, my dear friend, have all, indeed, treated directly or indirectly of morals and religion, and perhaps have said or implied enough to show the foundations upon which a student's life should be built. Yet a few points may properly be presented with some urgency, as touching the most prominent temptations of his position, and probable defects of his character. Of course, there can be but one essential morality and religion, yet the principles that in themselves are as universal as truth itself, have especial applications to peculiar conditions and classes.

Morality we regard as true life in its human relations, whilst religion is life in its relations with God. The two are closely connected with each other, but are not identical; and whilst morality ought to be under God, or animated by a religious spirit, its own sphere is human, and it may, indeed, in its largest

sense, be called true humanity. Taking the simplest of all divisions, we regard morality as in its essence the love of man, and as having two main branches—honor and justice—the one being the true love of self, and the other the true love of our neighbor. In both branches of moral duty, honor and justice, the student is likely to be very defective.

What is more common than false honor or spurious self-respect in college life? True self-respect centres upon what is worthiest in personal character, and finds satisfaction in purity, wisdom, fidelity, reverence, and in all those qualities that subdue the passions and impulses to reason and conscience. College honor is very apt to set up the passions and impulses as masters, and make manliness consist in self-will. This self-will is sometimes sensual, and then it affects to put the cap of sacred liberty upon the harlot head of sensualism, and you have already seen, probably, some of the worst vices defended by the stolen name of independence. Or wilfulness may take a higher form, and may claim to make a law of itself or of its own coterie, in defiance of human and divine law. We ought to be ready, indeed, to excuse some little restiveness on the part of the faculty of will, some little range of antics

and running and prancing before the fiery steed is subdued to the master's hand. But let us beware of calling the faults of rude nature virtues, and defending them as fortresses, instead of passing them as stepping-stones. The youth who bases his own dignity upon the amount of his defiance towards his superiors, may be very sure that he measures himself by as perverse a rule as he who would measure his property by the amount of his frauds, and so confound his arrears with his assets. Nor does a youth enhance his own dignity by joining a little coterie of free companions, and making war with them upon public opinion, sober judgment, and careful industry. In some way, most collegians are tempted to fall into some form of this false honor, and to join in some kind of rebellion against principles or institutions which in maturer years they learn to respect. Self-will is always sure to set up its prerogative as central, instead of centring itself upon the eternal right; and whilst in astronomy you will find the Copernican system reigning without a rival, you will not fail to discover that many bright wits rule their lives upon the Ptolemaic theory, and act as if their own dark and earthy will were the centre of the moral universe.

The obvious tendency of such false honor is towards injustice, and he who does not truly respect himself cannot readily respect his neighbor. He who estimates his own consequence by his amount of self-will, of course looks down upon all persons whom he can browbeat, and tries to feed his own conceit by throwing contempt upon others, pampering pride and vanity perhaps at once, by insulting those whom he ought to respect, that he may win plaudits from those whom he ought to rebuke, if not to despise. The injustice that is the offspring of false honor shows itself in college in various ways, sometimes in annoying fellow-students, sometimes in assaulting or plundering the townspeople, and sometimes by conspiring against the college government. Sometimes, indeed, a certain passion for fun is more prominent than any depraved spirit of mischief; yet such fun, when persistently pursued, ends in habitual mischief, and has left a mark upon many a youth's fortune and disposition that years cannot obliterate. In every class there is more or less disposition to oppress the more sensitive of its own members, whilst there is a standing custom of annoying to the utmost all novices in the lower classes. I have no objection to giving the green-

horns a little good-natured initiation, but when it comes to personal insults, injury to property, falsehood, and theft, the joke goes too far; and I have known outrages to be committed by students upon their fellows, especially of the younger classes, that no sophistry could call by any other name than ruffianly and dastardly, as mean as they were insolent, because so sure of doing harm with impunity. You may already find that the idlers of the class conspire against the industrious, and that some of the best fellows in the class are ridiculed as “digs.” Never mind it, if your turn comes, and you find yourself for a season in this proscribed set. The tables will soon be turned, and the very scapegraces who once worried you will be coming to you to help them with their lessons, to write their themes for them, and perhaps to encourage them to make decent men of themselves. In four years the meaning of the term *dig* changes, and from being a term of menial reproof, it becomes the first syllable of *dignity*.

As to wrongs to persons outside the college walls, such as are done in street-fights, robbery of orchards and hen-roosts, it is important to remember that the Homeric age has passed away, that piracy is no

longer heroism, and to knock down a policeman or to plunder farms is felony. The sooner students understand that they are bound by the law of the land, the better for their morals and their mirth, and the sooner they will be moved to let their neighbor's goods alone, and to seek sport in more free and congenial fields.

In respect to the college government, the too common feeling among students is one of antagonism, and I surely do not think that all the blame in this matter is on one side. I do not think that professors and tutors generally show enough personal interest and regard for their pupils to win from them the true favor. The two parties are too often found set against each other in mutual suspicion, each mistrusting and mistrusted. The first step to a better understanding might be wisely taken by the instructors, and more personal kindness on their part will be sure to win new confidence from the better class of students. But no amount of reserve on the part of professors and tutors can justify the wanton assaults upon college order that are so often dignified by the name of rebellion. If a student regards himself as unjustly dealt with, he can state his grievance, and be sure of a hearing. If the

statement does not win favor, and remove the grievance, he can voluntarily leave college in a spirit that will be sure to win respect from friends, and not close other institutions against him. The resort to uproar and insult, assaults on college property, and indignity towards persons, is invariably as unhappy in result as false in principle. College rebellions cost the rebels very dear, and are always a losing operation to the authors. One of the worst aspects in which they present themselves to a graduate in after years, is their dishonor towards institutions that ought to be held sacred. The youth who disgraces his parents disgraces himself; and those students who try to throw a stain upon their Alma Mater must ere long see that, could they succeed, they would shame themselves. It is well that all college rebellions in our quarter have left our good mother's name un sullied. Sometimes, indeed, great wrong is done to individual officers, and the instructors who are more offensive from some infelicity of manner or temper than from any incapacity or selfishness, are made the butt of general wrath. It may represent many a hot-headed youth's ferocity against an unpopular tutor, to be told that sometimes a feeble constitution is mistaken for a sullen temper,

and that a hard struggle with poverty and ill-health may give an expression that looks like severity. Sometimes even diffidence is taken for conceit, and the teacher who hardly presumes to claim affection in his humility is treated as an iceberg of indifference, if not of pride. Of college officers in general, it may be said that, considering their gifts and culture, they have scanty returns of emolument, and it is great injustice to add to their limitation by unkindness or disrespect. The student who has the true sense of honor in himself, will have true justice towards others; and among the reforms that we long to see carried out in our colleges is the inauguration of a purer moral sense in its twin virtues of justice and honor. A dozen noble spirits in any class may make a new era in their own career, and a dozen classes thus guided would bring in a new age in college ethics.

Such results cannot, however, come without motive from superhuman sources, and to religion we must look for the effective inspiration. When morality becomes active, and not being content with shunning faults, it seeks positive virtues, it must follow an authority above itself. In fact, the true humanity is of necessity religious, and whilst

it seeks to be true to man, it can be so only in the filial spirit that treats him as God's creature and image. The youth who thus derives his morality from religion has a deeper sense of human worth in himself and others, and his honor and justice rise into a religious reditude. He is moved not only to keep himself from harm, but to bring himself into fellowship with all goodness as the true honor. He is called not only to avoid injury to others, but to encourage in them every worthy hope, and so justice becomes positive righteousness.

There is some difficulty in defining religion to the satisfaction of earnest young people, and often they who are fond of the thing do not like the definition. It is very safe, however, to say that religion is our true relation towards God, and the fruit of it is a filial conscience, true to him in a sense of dependence and a sense of duty. Harm is done when either of these elements is neglected, as when a shallow rationalism substitutes a mere doctrine as to God, or a mere opinion about him, for a living and personal trust in him, or when a dry moralism puts a code of rules, a dead legalism, in place of the loving service of the living God. The especial blessing of the Gospel is, that it

reveals him in Christ as the ground of faith and obedience, and adds to the light of the incarnate Word the life of the animating Spirit. It is a blessed day for a student when he takes the Gospel home to his own study and life. Study is radiant when it seeks for truth under the Eternal Light, and life is rich and vigorous when the purposes are cheered by the Eternal Spirit. I need not urge you to shun all personal assumption, and every trace of cant; but all the more earnestly I exhort you to put yourself on the true ground, and make your education a gift of God's grace, as well as a work of your own labor, and your teacher's care.

I do not advise you to talk a great deal in a conspicuous way on religious subjects, or to make any frequent professions of faith. Let what you do say be very decided, and let your action be positive. Nothing is more decided than an habitual place at the communion-table, and a tongue reverential and pure. In all matters in which your convictions may conflict with notions of college honor, or condemn what easy consciences and enticing pleasures sanction, you will be wise to take your own course early and strongly, and let your actions speak louder than words. In this way you will be

true, and also influential, and you will stand forth as a manly Christian, without losing your name as a good fellow. You are not in danger of running into any morbid pietism, and I therefore need not warn you against the danger of straining to become a faint in such a way as to cease to be a wholesome, hearty man. Be a true man and a true Christian, and your college life will be a world of riches to you that years will ever more develop. When you are as old as your father and I are, you will find the old times at Cambridge coming back with an ever-increasing power; and when the charm of memory carries with it the light and peace of God's Word and Spirit and Church, college life is a fountain which pours its blessed waters on the path with ever freer flow, and refreshes us in manhood with the sparkling tide that so cheered us in our early days.

I little thought of writing so much when I sent you that first stray letter; yet I have found satisfaction in the subject, and am quite sure of having spoken with candor and earnestness. God's blessing rest upon you, and may your four years at college be to you and your parents all that your dispositions promise, and their affection deserves.

VII.

PROSPECTS AND RETROSPECTS.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I will confess that I feel quite a new sensation at standing upon such terms of good will with the tenants of our old college rooms, and it gives me almost a new experience of youth to be assured that I have readers there who think that my off-hand counsels are worth publication. It is true, as you say, that the class of 1864 must be expected to differ in some respects from the class of 1832, and certainly the new generation ought to improve upon the old, although I need not tell you that difference is not of necessity improvement.

In some respects you have made decided improvements since our day, and I am sure that there is more of genial and ideal association with class-fellowship than was usual with us. There is still room for progress, and college life would be marvellously transformed if every festival were as beautiful as the famous class day which is now kept, from year to

year, in a way far beyond and above what we knew in our time. Why should not our student life in America do something to give a better æsthetic and intellectual tone to American society? Why should not students give us a true ideal of refinement and enthusiasm, of the true chivalry and the noblest loyalty, as well as of dashing courage and genial fellowship. I find myself thinking more and more of the reflex influence of class meetings and associations. The human soul has a rhythm of its own that sets all its deeper experiences to music, and brings them ringing anew to our ears with each revolving year. Remember that you are not only stocking your memory with commodities, but tuning it with melodies and harmonies, and for good or evil, the scenes and companionships of these college-years are to find themselves to you again as long as you live. Try to live in such a way as to make the recollection of college life not only pleasant but elevating, and to induce you to continue the old friendships as part of your religion as well as your good-fellowship.

I advise you to keep carefully all important memorials of your college career, especially your textbooks, compositions, letters, notes of lectures, etc.

It is well also to keep a diary of thoughts, events, and friendships. This will help you in the mastery of language, and be of great service as a book of reference in after years. If you choose you might illustrate it with photographs of familiar faces that shall speak to you in time to come of scenes and friends long ago. Your text books will serve you not only as a remembrance to enjoy but an authority to consult, for you can find the information you seek for easier in familiar manuals than in new and strange volumes. Many a chance mark or stray pencilling on your Homer or Tacitus will call up the old times like a magic spell. Treasure up too the devout books that you now read, and make them bless you evermore.

If you have health and prosperity you will in four years graduate, and count a new era from 1864. To set you thinking of your own future—and its bearings on your present—I send you a copy of the address made to our class twenty-five years after graduating, and also of Rev. Charles J. Brook's beautiful poem. Your father sat in the chair, and the speaker was your friend and correspondent. I likewise add a few miscellaneous thoughts and recollections bearing upon student life, which I have revived from my papers as having some interest for you.

VIII.

HEART AND HEAD IN EDUCATION.

FROM AN ORATION BEFORE THE HASTY PUDDING
CLUB IN UNIVERSITY HALL, FEBRUARY 22, 1831.

NUNQUAM aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit—
Wisdom never denies the voice of nature. Such
was the exclamation of Rome's last poet, Juvenal,
in the decline of his country's glory. He saw the
degeneracy of the age, the general licentiousness, the
many causes tending to turn the individual mind
from its natural course, and he cried out against
such a perversion of nature. We may join in this
exclamation, saying in joy what he said in sorrow.
In this age, in this country, and surely upon this
birthnight of Washington, we may justly believe
that natural rights are not to be trodden under foot,
either in the state or the academy. We shall not
depart from the spirit of this occasion by saying a
few words now upon education as making men
truer to nature.

The human mind is one whole, made up of various parts. To preserve the several parts in their due proportion, to give each its own place and the exercise of its natural functions, should be the object of education. This end cannot be attained if the mind is left wholly to itself, for in that case unpropitious circumstances, as well as inordinate impulses and fancies, may keep back some parts and bring others forward unduly. It is the office of positive culture to make or keep the balance of character. Much has been said of the importance of keeping the intellectual powers in harmony with each other, but far too little notice has been taken of the connexion between the moral affections and the intellectual powers, or the influence of the heart upon the head. Let us consider now the bearing of the moral upon the intellectual nature, that we may the better see what must be the prevailing motive force when the mind has its healthy natural tone.

I. Moral purity is needed in order to concentrate the powers and apply them to the desired end. It is of course necessary to self-control—to government of the thoughts. Now this self-control beginning in the affections cannot end there, but

may readily be transferred to the intellectual sphere. From a command over the passions and over the thoughts arising from them, command is won over the thoughts in general and the ability to give them their just direction. This ability is needed by all minds, but especially by those who give themselves to philosophic meditation rather than to the chance impulses of the hour. The philosopher needs perfect equanimity, the utmost freedom from distracting impulses and fancies. We find accordingly that they who have made the most distinguished progress in science, whether physical or metaphysical, have been remarkable generally for moral purity, from the days of Archimedes and Plato to those of Newton and Kant. Indeed it is next to impossible that a man abandoned to the movements of passion and the agitations of impulse, should possess the unwearied patience, the consecutive thought, essential to the pursuit of ever-fleeing truth. There is, moreover, a cheerful serenity springing from well-ordered affections, that contributes much to lasting satisfaction and success in literary pursuits. It is like the calm of a fair day, when the powers of nature are most effective because most in harmony, and the elements and mankind are most busily and happily at work.

II. Again, moral purity has a good influence over the particular turn of the tastes, and is a great security against many prejudices in this direction. When it is said that a man has a taste for any particular pursuit, the fact is not so much that this taste was an original gift as that it is the result of the whole internal life. Now as the passions and affections carry a considerable vote in the mental cabinet, the turn taken by the whole mind must depend much upon their discipline. The passions certainly have great influence over the opinions, making some opinions more agreeable than others, and adding weight therefore to all the arguments in their behalf. Thus passion is virtually a prejudice—a prejudice which all faithful moral discipline tends to remove. In the words of the French philosopher, Degerando, “The advantages which the mathematical sciences owe to their very nature, virtue communicates to other branches of knowledge. For the mathematical sciences admit of cool and impartial investigation, because they are not the subjects of passion.”

III. Moral excellence inspires a love of method that delights in just analysis and arrangement. The order of exact moral discipline leads the mind to a

fimilar order in all that comes to its attention, and suggests the system so essential to clearness of thought and expression. Besides cordial and healthy affections delight in union, in intellectual as well as social harmony. Now why should not this benevolence become an intellectual as well as moral principle, and be carried from social intercourse into the world of thought? He who loves to see men dwell together in unity must love to see related ideas brought together, and may enjoy the meeting of two cognate thoughts that have been kept apart, as much as the meeting of two brothers who have been long separated. By comparing isolated ideas, and by tracing out their analogies, new truths are discovered, and the satisfaction felt in inferring general principles from particular facts, and in deducing new consequences from familiar axioms, has most of its warmth and something of its origin from the benevolence that delights in discovering the ties that bind man to man, and man to God. All truths surely are of one family, and God is their father. The good heart helps the believing or truly filial head, and delights to bind together both persons and principles in faith and love. The bad heart is sceptical in its very selfishness and pat-

fion, bent on fundering what God hath joined together.

IV. Moral purity gives life and warmth to the imagination. As imagination is a natural faculty, it is not to be weakened, as some seem to suppose, by the proportionate growth of the other powers. The creative power, indeed, must take its character and direction from the passions and the affections, and love to work upon the materials which they present most fondly and frequently. When they are in harmony with each other, they produce a serenity and cheerfulness, that show their fruit in all the creations of the ideal faculty. Poetry never moves men so strongly and so universally as when it comes from warm and healthy affections. The ravings of a disordered mind, with its mad passions, may indeed have a transient spell when breathed in the charm of sweet numbers, and we cannot deny that much poetry has been written by immoral men in description of their peculiar condition with its perverted passions and blighted hopes. But upon closer analysis we shall find that the great passages that have made our profligate class of poets illustrious, have been those in which they have lamented instead of justifying their profligacy, and like Burns

and Byron, they have brought rich tributes to virtue in penitence from the dark caves of sensualism. The greatest poets have, however, lived habitually in the pure air and clear light of Heaven, and such masters of song as Homer, Dante, and Milton, are proof enough that the true inspiration does not come from any infernal fires or maddening elixirs. They prove that virtue and poetry are natural friends, and that the ideal world opens its treasures to the true and reverent seeker under a law as sacred and benign as that which opens the facts and principles of external nature to the naturalist and philosopher. A pure eye best sees the light of the ideal as of the natural world, and a blessed equanimity, coming not from the death but from the harmony of the passions, and giving calmness and health to the creative power, clears the soul of all blinding films and humors, and opens boundless verities and joys to its gaze, interpreting to us perhaps something of what old Pindar meant when he spoke of an immortality without tears.

Such are some of the favorable influences which moral excellence exerts upon the intellectual character. The question now readily presents itself, what order of motives best secures the true harmony

of our nature, and enables the heart to do its highest work for the head? It is easy to say what is not the true order, and every student can testify at once that the spirit of rivalry is allowed to have far more than its proper share in work of education, to the exclusion of higher motives. Rivalry tends to destroy the just balance of the mind, and instead of presenting to every feeling and faculty its own appropriate motive, it tends to fever them all with a morbid appetite for distinction. It impairs our sense of the intrinsic worth of study and its objects, and calls attention mainly to a point of expediency. It feeds on the accident, not on the substance, and forgets the means in the end, and that end a partial if not a false one. Now I am aware that rivalry is a natural feeling, but I cannot believe that it is master of the whole nature. It is undoubtedly given as a salutary spur to awaken the higher aspirations, and was never intended of itself to be the commanding motive. All the powers and affections have their rightful desires, and that is the best method of culture that presents to them all the broadest and most enduring satisfaction. Each orb to its orbit, each faculty to its sphere, each spirit to its object—this is our motto. We believe that

academic education needs great reform in this direction, and that instead of being pushed on by the goad of harsh emulation, we ought to be brought within the attraction of truth and goodness more earnestly and wisely. Fame herself, which Burke calls the passion of noble souls, is not wholly a celestial. Though her head is among the clouds, and she is ever pointing to the stars, she has made many a man grovel in the dust. But this other spirit, this restless emulation, has still less of heaven in her make, and sometimes seems to be at least cousin to the Envy that is born of hell. To look for future name may make a man far-sighted and self-denying, but the rivalry that is constantly straining for immediate effect has no such generous elements, and tends to make its victim the slave of the hour, in fact to break up the integrity of education, and build flashy little bowers for the passing season, instead of the substantial house that rests upon a rock and outlives the storm. We must not indeed demand perfection, and must be willing, for a time at least, to have some mixture in our motives, but it is not well to think more of the alloy than of the gold. It seems to be as absurd to fever youth with selfish emulation, and then tell them

that rational ambition will lead to virtue and knowledge, as to place them in the midst of seducing pleasures, and then say that true pleasure is found only in rectitude.

A passage from Lord Bacon is a good interpretation of the sentence from Juvenal with which I introduced this address: "It may be truly affirmed, that no kind of men love business for itself, but those that are learned; for other persons love it for profit; as an hireling that loves the work for the wages; or for honor, because it beareth them up in the eyes of men, and refresheth their reputation, which otherwise would wear; or because it exerciseth some faculty wherein they take pride, and so entertaineth them in good humor and pleasing conceits towards themselves; or because it advanceth any other of their ends. So that as it is said of untrue valors, that some men's valors are in the eyes of them that look on; so most men's industries are in the eyes of others or at least in regard of their own designments; only the learned love business as an action according to nature, as agreeable to health of mind as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the action itself and not in the purchase."

When this principle is applied to study, a new age will come in education as marked as that age of liberty which this birthnight of Washington commemorates. Our schools and colleges taking the soul's native faculties for the material, and their true proportions for the model, shall give each part its due strength, and the whole man his due life and force.

IX.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

FROM THE CLASS ORATION OF JULY 17, 1832.

THAT is perhaps a narrow, though natural principle of association, that identifies thoughts and feelings with events and places. Surely all that we have been attached to here is so closely interwoven with these familiar scenes, that we seem in quitting the one to lose the other. To think of so many things that are passing away, of the changes in human life, the decay in nature, the ruins of human art, is ever saddening. But there is a comfort in remembering that change is not destruction. The genius that presides over all vicissitude is not a terrible demon, armed with the lightning, robed in the storm, and turbaned with the whirlwind, but a good angel with various and inexhaustible charms, enlivening the vigils and quickening the strength of the undying spirit. The changes which the world constantly

unfolds to us are history, and history is knowledge. The changes in the mind's own life ought to be its progress; what is fleeting it ought to fix, and what is perishable it ought to immortalize. Keats well says:

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases : * * *
Therefore every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.”

So may it be, Classmates, with the things that have been pleasant to us here.

I have spoken of the associations of our college life, and the extent and characteristics of our culture here, and it is now time to speak of our opening future and the true conduct of life. Whatever good or ill we have laid up for ourselves, we enter now as we are upon a new life, and we cannot but look forward with eager anticipation. Dreams of happiness we may indulge at liberty, but plans of life, how little can we shape them. We have all had experience enough of men and events to know what power accident has over human conditions. We can feel the truth of the beautiful remark of Goethe when he says: “The sun-horses of Time,

as drawn by unseen spirits, bear away the light chariot of our destiny; and nothing remains for us but with tranquil courage to hold firm the reins, and now to the right and now the left, here from a stone and there from a precipice, to turn away the wheels. Whither it goes who can tell?" Whither our course leads who can tell? We pass gradually from point to point, and seem to guide our course. Event succeeds event naturally, motive springs from motive regularly, thought follows thought rationally. Yet when one compares different stages of his career, he is astounded at himself as at a stranger. If four years ago when we came together here, the Book of Time had been opened to us so as to show us what we have become now under the action of circumstances, ideas, affections, and impulses, who of us would have known himself in the description? Yet, much as we are the sport of chance, the creatures of accident, we are not wholly so, and ought to be far less so. The fatalist refutes his own theory by trying to propagate his own system. He refutes it more effectively who goes bravely on his determined way, in spite of threats and enticements, equal to either fortune, and saying, like the old Roman, "Nave

ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem." He can say to misfortune, like Æneas to the Sibyl:

"Non ulla laborum

O Virgo, nova mi facies, inopinave furgit ;

Omnia percepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi."

There is nothing that so fixes a man's attention upon the things of earth, while it lifts him above its ills, as that habit of generalizing peculiar to the liberal scholar and the good man, which forms principles and elevated opinions. The votary of truth who is constantly rising from lower to higher—from finite to infinite, is too free from vulgar prejudices to lose sight of the individual in contemplating what is general. The more he is possessed by the beautiful and the true, the higher he rises in the region of truth, the greater will be his interest in the world and in men, where are the phenomena which started and regulate his speculations. The farther he climbs towards heaven the more earnestly will he regard earth, where the ladder-foot rests. It is no mark of the scholar to neglect the active duties of life, to despise truth in its especial application as trifling, because he has been wont to deal in it largely. Nature knows no trifles. The fall of a

leaf and the roll of a planet depend on the same law. So it is characteristic of a man of high thought to go about among men, observe human feeling and help human infirmities—to attach an importance to those things which, neglected as trifles, cause most of human misery. He gives everything a dignity in the vital principles it depends upon; ready for every good enterprise, despising not the humble and fearing not the lofty, he will come off conqueror in every undertaking.

The noise and bustle of the world, the cares and troubles of active life, have been the theme of much bugbear eloquence. Noisy, trouble-finding men are pointed out in proof that little should be hereafter expected but to be jostled by the motley throng of men, and to be tossed about on the fickle tide of circumstances. But it is a comfort to look out into society and see that those men who think most and accomplish most are they who take life methodically, who live in the truest tranquillity, and enjoy the best leisure hours. The greater part of your hurrying bustling characters, while they make as much noise as if they were moving mountains, really effect little. Deliberate and effectual action is not loud and harassing. The fertilizing stream does

not proclaim its flow by its roaring, but by the silent yet eloquent verdure that grows round its banks. So magnified have been the vexations, and so distorted the picture of active life, that it is not an uncommon notion that every one in beginning to act for himself must muster a good portion of a certain mountebank boldness, which some call confidence, but which wisdom seems to rank as akin to impudence. Lord Bacon's consolation and warranty of success to those who seek this quality, viz. "that there is in human nature generally more of the fool than the wise," should be enough to frighten any man from seeking it who has ever breathed an atmosphere at all impregnated with literary refinement. A view of the best and most influential persons in every rank of society, fully proves that a career of manly and unassuming effort will be crowned with noblest success. It is a poor notion to suppose that life is a continued struggle—a fight for certain good things; to be passed best it must be passed in peace, not indeed in that idleness which is equally laborious and inefficient—not in that lazy ease of temperament, before which thoughts and events float unheeded like the shadows of an after-dinner vision, and which takes from one all claims

to an actual existence—but in an active, peaceful serenity of mind like the fair weather, when business and nature most flourish—when the world is fullest of action. Such is no monotonous existence; it allows the spirits to rise high in rapture or glide on gently; but it will not allow their clearness to be disturbed by any of “the mud and ooze of Acheron.”

This is certainly a very accommodating world. It suits every one to what he is looking after. He who searches after misery will be sure to find it: to him each joy is but the gaudy herald of some grief, each smile wears the furrow for a future tear—among men he will find enough of evil, and in life enough of the bitter. But if he would find good and happiness about him—if he would persuade himself that all in the end will be well, with him all will be well: he will not look upon misery in despair, nor turn away from vice in self-righteous abhorrence. God, he will remember, has with his own image stamped all men brothers, and demands of him fellow feeling and help: in the midst of human corruption he will be gladdened and stimulated with the thought of what every fellow-being can be: and he will listen more fondly to the voice that promises

mercy and joy as troubles and dangers thicken around. What in others kindles the burning fires of anguish, in him goes to enlarge and brighten hope's glimmering ray. Anticipation of difficulties and afflictions begins in the very effort to avoid them. One may think deeply upon what he has experienced, and upon the nature of his own mind—he may explore the universe to learn the end of his being, till, as it was with Harold, his brain becomes a whirling gulf of phantasy and flame: yet his philosophy will not lift him above the man of simple faith in the universal good, whom partial and proud knowledge has not enticed away into error, and tempted him to seek happiness abroad, where it is not to be found. That is the simplest as well as the wisest doctrine, which teaches, that now is the accepted time—that now and here are the time and place for happiness to begin, and puts bliss in action itself not solely in its ends.

Much, Classmates, that should not be forgotten, has taken place around us and within us during our intercourse together. While we go to engage in new pursuits and seek new sources of satisfaction, may we remember and retain the good we have enjoyed with each other. If business be suffered

to engross and narrow the mind, if selfish care be permitted to wither the affections (for there can be no old age of the affections but to the selfish), the thoughts of old times will bring no pleasure, the heart will not beat true to the fellowship it once loved. The waste of feelings unemployed—the decay of affection will seem like a beginning death—as if the right hand were felt no longer to hold the life-giving tides, no longer responded to the touch the sympathetic glow.

But if we are true to ourselves, if we keep a warm heart for a friend, and a ready hand for the suffering, what has here been pleasant to us will not pass away. Then thoughts of the past will float blissfully along, as sweet gales from youth's rosy bowers—

“The weary soul will seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth
To breathe a second spring.”

And now, Classmates, here met and here parting we may bid each other an affectionate adieu, and in the farewell words of that rich and genial soul, Jean Paul Richter, be this the last wish of each to all whether present or absent: “May all go well

with you—may life's short day glide on peaceful and bright, with no more clouds than may gladden in the sunlight, no more rain than may form a rainbow—and may the Veiled One of Heaven watch over your steps and bring us to meet again."

X.

OUR SILVER FESTIVAL.

ADDRESS AT THE MEETING OF THE CLASS OF 1832,
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER GRADUATING, JULY 15,
1857.

CLASSMATES—It is a very ferious date in our life-time that calls us together now, yet the occasion throws no gloom upon our faces, and opens many old springs of joy in our hearts. It is not eafy to believe it, but true it is that we have been twenty-five years out of College, and that we who fupped together on Clafs Day, July 17, 1832, a band of merry youths of twenty years or thereabouts, now meet here, after a quarter of a century, to fup again, with many marks of care upon our features, and more grey hairs in our heads than we are able to count. Yet we feel young to-night, and we invite grim Father Time to lay afide his fcythe, and feaft with us, as he ufed to do long, long ago,

when he met with us in youth's genial bowers, and smiled with us on the roses that he meant to cut down and carry away if he could. The best bloom, however, he cannot harm; and what was deepest and truest in the old good fellowship blooms out upon us here. We touch a talisman here that always brings spring-time to the affections—a talisman that is the best *transmittendum* of the old College, and which has passed from generation to generation within the walls of Harvard for centuries, and which will live when such old heirlooms as the "Mathematical Slate" and the "Thundering Bolus" are forgotten. The talisman is the cup of Youth, the crystal goblet graven over with all the names that we have loved, and filled from the affluence of that "vine which bears the wine of life, the human heart." We take this to our lips to-night, and years disappear, and the youth that is ideal and immortal within the soul is ours. Why is it that the long interval since we graduated seems now so short? Is it not in part from the fact that whatever is monotonous and drudging in life, however long and weary in passing, seems short in retrospect, from lack of salient points; whilst the happier portion of our experience has

been so various with kind affections and bright thoughts, as to cheer us with pleasant vistas that are too charming to seem lengthened; and thus the winning picture of our joys throws into the background the landmarks of our grief and disappointments, as mountain peaks flashing in sunlight rise above the long and weary roads? Does not the interval also seem short because no portion of our life is so deeply marked upon us as our youth; and we middle-aged men, with some little inclination towards the shady side of the hill, seem to ourselves and to each other what we used to be; and as we meet together here we are boys once more—old boys, perhaps, yet boys indeed. We are to each other like palimpsest manuscripts to the practised scholar. The world has been writing many inscriptions upon us, yet the first is deepest and ineffaceable; and beneath all these marks of time and care we can read the dear old cypher of our early love and joy. To each other we seem not as we do to the world, and to us the words and looks and air that the crowd do not notice open whole volumes of remembrance.

OUR CLASS.

It was my lot to give the Class Oration in 1832, and this fact has probably led the Class Committee, with the concurrence of an informal meeting last year, to ask me to write something for this meeting of the class. I would cheerfully take any needed pains to fulfil the duty properly, yet it has seemed to me not so well to give an elaborate oration on some literary subject at this season, when orations are a deluge and rhetoric is a drug, as to give some familiar reminiscences that may serve as a memorial of our class. To ourselves this occasion belongs, and let "Our Class" be the subject. To us "Our Class" is *the* one class; and without asking others to share the feeling, we will take it for granted, as all lovers and friends do, that we are especially interesting to ourselves, and that we can gossip about ourselves none the less pleasantly because we do not now care one straw whether other people are thinking of us or not. Since the year 1642 a class has annually graduated from Harvard, with the exception of five years, or 1644-48-72-82-88, so that 210 sets of graduates call old Harvard their mother, and each set in its own way has kept up more or less of class

feeling. All honor to the other 209 classes, from the year 1642 to 1857. All honor to their members, living or dead. Yet, taking the same liberty that we respect in them, we stand up for our own good fellows, and the Class of 1832 is Our Class.

I suppose that each class has something peculiar in its composition and history, and that without arrogance we may claim a certain speciality to ourselves. We entered college at a marked time, and had characteristics quite our own. In our Freshman year President Quincy was inaugurated, and his administration began a new era in the college annals, by bringing into its financial management more secular enterprise, and connecting with the established round of classic studies more of the science and art that are concerned with the world's daily business. If in our new president we missed something of the evangelical simplicity and pastoral affectionateness so characteristic of the long line of clerical Presidents, we found in him great energy in affairs, and far less of the hardness of the magistrate in dealing out discipline to acknowledged offenders, than the sagacity of the statesman in ferreting out the offence. Sometimes he could, perhaps, have won us more heartily to study and obedience by appealing more to

our enthusiasm and good will; but we have all now learned to look to him as a father, and we had in our President a magnificent example of manly energy and health, of public spirit, which made our welfare his own, and of sterling humanity, which has never given better proof of itself than in his old age, so sacred to the liberty and order that have always been dearest to the true sons of Harvard from the beginning. Honor, all honor to Quincy, now *Old Quincy*, in the sacred sense which no naughty Sophomore would dare to name with levity. In having him for our President, we did not lose good old Dr. Ware, who had presided till the close of our Freshman year, and who preached and prayed for us afterwards, as before, nurturing in us the love of all good men, whatever be their creed, and in the pulpit and the recitation-room, alike by the shake of his head and the balance of his opinions, symbolizing his characteristic desire to appreciate all sides of a question, and to be just to every man. Peace to his spirit! The memory of the just is blessed.

THE RAW MATERIAL IN 1828.

To write the history of Our Class from the first to the last of our undergraduate days, would be

nothing less than to write out the characters that we brought with us to College, and the influences that acted upon us there, or to describe our several individualities, that were the raw material, and the College experiences that worked us into shape. This task I will not attempt, but must be content with a passing glance at ourselves and at our foster mother in our days of tutelage. We were seventy-two strong on entering College; and if any of us ever need an illustration of the boundless variety of the human race, whether in looks, talent, or disposition, let him remember the *men* of our class—*men*, I say, for we were all more eager to be called so when Freshmen, and hardly escaped the days of short jackets, than when Seniors, and frightened at the responsibilities which go in the train of “swallow-tails.” We were in some respects known, and in some respects unknown quantities. Part of our nature was like the *a b c* of mathematics, amply defined, whilst another part was like the unknown *x y z*, whose significance was to be defined by solving the problem of life in the school of books and experience. As we look back upon ourselves as we were in 1828, when we entered College, these unknown quantities appear to us as then they could

not appear, and the great revelations of life have been developing the unknown from the known. We were of all ages, from 14 to 24; of all sizes, from little F. and B. to big R. and D.; of all complexions, from cherry-cheeked boys, with chins as smooth as their sisters', to swarthy men, with beards like pards; of all expressions, from the humorous face, that was in itself a song or joke, to the serious visage, that was fit promise of a sermon, and a good sermon, too; of all fancies, from the sloven, who preferred a dirty shirt to a clean one, to the born dandy, on whom an old coat looked as good as new; of all tastes, from him who organized the Smoking Club, to him who organized a prayer-meeting; of all talents, from him who gave practical illustrations of the law of explosives, as if to ascertain how the world would be most effectually destroyed, to him who devoted himself, not without good success, to the moral instruction and reform of us all, with the hope of building up the New Jerusalem out of such heterogeneous materials. In fact, those seventy-two youths were a university in themselves; and by clubbing our various gifts together, we might have undertaken in due time to perform almost any given task, whether in language,

literature, mathematics, science, art, useful or beautiful, profane or poetic, mechanical or musical, tragic or comic, in ethics, metaphysics, or theology. We were, indeed, put generally upon nearly the same course of studies; yet we very soon showed our individual preferences for favorite branches; whilst a few, with singular independence of mind, exhibited decided aversion to all the regular studies, and fell back upon our primeval instincts and intuitions, with an utter contempt for academic diplomas. It would be an interesting matter to trace out the effect of our previous schooling and associations upon our College studies and habits. With some of us cliques and tastes came with us to College that remained with us during the whole four years, and have not left us yet. Such associations as are formed in boyhood cannot but act upon youth; and probably the Boston and Salem influence was a great element in our class. Boston, from its Latin school, sent a host, headed by J. S. D., whose face here to-night keeps all the ideal promise of its genial prime; and Salem sent almost a score, headed by C. T. B., the class pet, and to-night our poet, whom all our petting, instead of spoiling, makes more lovable than ever. Other places contributed memorably to our variety

of character and scholarship, but of these various cliques, of the many individualities that brought to us the idiosyncrasies of quiet homes and lonely studies, I cannot treat in detail.

The dividing line between mental aptitudes is probably drawn at first more decidedly by the predilection either for language or mathematics than by any other tests, although a few minds excel in both; and in the later season of college life a somewhat similar line is drawn between physics and metaphysics. As a class we were probably more marked for our taste for language and literature, and at last for metaphysics, than for mathematics and exact science. We studied the Latin and Greek quite tolerably, and not a few were willing to make pedestrian journeys into the classic regions without the help of horse or pony, whilst we carried a decided enthusiasm into the modern languages, and perhaps made a new era in the academic study of German. With us, I believe, the study of the Portuguese at Cambridge originated, and Dr. Bachi certainly dedicated his Portuguese Grammar to the little band of classmates who studied with him the great epic of Camoens. There was, indeed, a decidedly philosophical tendency in our class, but

it was given more fondly to moral and metaphysical than to mathematical or scientific subjects. Even the more scientific minds of the class took more to practical subjects, such as natural history, electricity, and the like, than to abstract science; and far more volunteer zeal was given to insects, frogs, and magnets, than to the calculus and eclipses. The higher mathematics, indeed, had enthusiastic votaries among us, and the august mission of all the exact sciences was acknowledged in our studies and debates, yet our class specialities were not mainly in that direction.

OUR TEACHERS.

We had, on the whole, an excellent corps of teachers to represent the magnificent treasure of humanities confided to the keeping of the University, and their names speak volumes of experience more or less favored. The chief and most of them have gone, and of these we think only tenderly, grateful for what they did for us and bore with in us; too grateful for their good service to be severe upon their infirmities, if such they had. Hedge, Willard, Ware, Channing, Popkin, Follen, Sales,

Bachi, Farrar, Nuttall, and others have passed away, whilst others who taught us have gone into other professions or retired into private life, such as Ticknor, Giles, Hillard, Sweetser, Beck. Only two of the old academic corps now remain, and our old tutors, Felton and Pierce, now head the list of professors, fit interpreters of Homer and Newton still. We owe something to all our teachers, and much to most of them. We all learned not a little under their instruction, and might have learned a great deal more, if we had made better use of our time and opportunities. Yet in justice we may make two remarks as to the bearings of the stated instruction upon our study and character. In the first place, we may justly regret that more was not done to quicken our own minds by the teacher's personal influence, instead of confining us so exclusively to the formal recitation of the contents of the text-books; and, moreover, that in addition to the teachers of special branches, there was not some general superintendent or adviser to watch over the progress and defects of our general culture, and give us wholesome hints as to the way of making the best use of ourselves for the College term and for the great lifework. It may also be said with

entire justice that, much as was done to educate us, we did a great deal to educate ourselves, and that no portion of our college experience has been of more practical value to us than that which we worked out for ourselves. In fact, the formation of character, which is a more vital matter than the acquisition of knowledge, depends chiefly upon the influence of companions upon each other; and, from the first, by our manly sports and our good fellowship, our censures and favor, we were doing much to shape our dispositions and purposes. Undoubted good came from some collisions that were painful to us at first, and those of us who came from retired homes, the timid pets of fond kindred and friends, have cause to be grateful that so much nonsense was taken out of us by practical jokes and rough sports that are now more pleasant in remembrance than in the time of our perhaps tearful experience. But we, as a class, were remarkable for persistent and somewhat systematic methods of acting upon each other. The faculty more important than any other to the public men of America, the faculty of extempore speaking, was regularly cultivated by voluntary societies; and in addition to the old line of established institutions, we

started one of our own, the Harvard Union, which was open to all who fought its privileges, and which abounded in debaters and debates that were the talk of the whole college, and whose influence many of us have had cause to bless throughout our whole professional life. Not a few amusing reminiscences start up at the name of Harvard Union, and none of us can forget the studied efflorescence of one ambitious aspirant for the rhetorical palm, and the unbounded admiration with which the somewhat jocose grandiloquence of our handsome classmate T., which was received with a good-natured smile by most of us, was greeted by one enthusiastic hearer, who predicted for the orator the first prizes of popular favor. In one sense, at least, the prophecy is correct; and if the largest letters on the Catalogue imply the largest fame, our friend T. has won the palm. With these regular debates we name the informal talks and discussions that were so frequent in our rambles and in our rooms, upon subjects of all sorts, but tending decidedly towards the higher questions of human duty and destiny. We value these conversations for their occasional fun as well as for their frequent seriousness; and I really believe that whilst we owe much to the

thoughtful men who turned our minds so often to high moral and religious topics, we are also much indebted to the funny men who shook the dyspepsia out of us, by shaking our diaphragms with wholesome laughter, and helped us purge our faith of the too frequent cant by their genial humor. For one, I am very grateful to the comedians of our class, and I verily believe that their merry songs and stories were most valuable fanatives to body and to mind.

CATHOLICITY.

One trait in the character of our class is especially noteworthy. We had one kind of fraternal largeness or catholicity that is not usual in college—a catholicity that was willing to allow every man the liberty of his own honest opinions, and not disposed to force its own standard of strictness or freedom upon all others. With us this liberty took a peculiar form, from the predominance of classmates destined for the clerical profession. These minds, from their number and character, were probably more influential than any other portion of the class, and they received cordially from others a decided encouragement, not general in undergraduate life, to speak

out their convictions frankly and fully, without being sneered at or disparaged in any way. As one of those who early made choice of the clerical profession, I must express gratitude to the class for their treatment of us, not only for not disparaging a profession that seems usually more spectral than spiritual to gay youth, but for not being unmerciful towards the personal failings, of which some of us were not unconscious, and which needed much discipline to prevent them from interfering with the proper spirit of our chosen calling. If the theological portion of the class have cause of gratitude for such toleration and forbearance, it must be remembered that, with hardly an exception, they tried to deserve it by their own candor and charity. They tried to have religion without cant or austerity, and were generally too conscious of their own defects to be unsparing in censure of the errors of others. The catholicity thus shown in one direction was quite general in its application, and it is a very pleasant thing to remember the various tastes and talents that had their accredited representatives among us, and the many lines of special study not demanded by the college system, but which won for the adepts in them quite as much respect from us

as for the studies that decided the scale of college rank. That scale was never popular with us, partly because unmindful of such specialities. Almost every classmate had something noteworthy, and the trite *E Pluribus Unum*, by which General Jackson is said to have won his LL.D. from our hospitable Alma Mater, was well illustrated in the unity and the variety of our class. From many we were and are one, and never was the fact more clear than from this genial meeting of all professions to-night.

CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE.

We changed much alike in members and in development of character during our undergraduate years. A considerable number left us, and more joined us. Of those who left us, six were removed by death, and their names should be spoken of affectionately here to-night—Bradford, Hodges, Peters, Rantoul, Treadwell, Welch. Each of these might fitly have a special word; but I name particularly the two who were in our sedition—Peters, a man of considerable humor, great shrewdness, and with not a little genuine fellowship under his awkward exterior; and Rantoul, a quiet, sensible, genial,

lovable fellow, whose lameness seemed to sweeten instead of frowning him, and who made up by the playful freedom of his tongue for the want of as ready locomotion in his limbs. He was a quiet and kindly philosopher in his way, and not inaptly called "Cool Sam." These, and the whole fix who died before we graduated, we remember as part of ourselves.

The changes in developments of character were quite memorable during our four years together. This lapse of time, at that season of life, is marked in the physical constitution by making men of boys, and it is quite as decidedly marked by its transition from boyish gaiety to manly thoughtfulness. There were great differences in the use made by different classmates of their time and talents, and there is probably not one of us who does not regret something that he did or failed to do in college. But on the whole, as a class, we vastly improved, and a practical, earnest, manly spirit won more and more power over us as the years went on. Undoubtedly there was much in our experience which we each kept to ourselves—some pinches of hard fortune, fits of gloom, assaults of temptation, gusts of passion, as well as visitations of interior peace—that we did

not care to tell to others. Yet in the main we were a transparent set of fellows, and probably knew each other's failings and virtues tolerably well; and we found enough of the bright side predominating to make us like each other better than is usual with comrades of a four years' voyage, and to part in hearty good will, with hope of many genial reunions. We sang "Auld Lang Syne" together as we parted; and if there was or has been since any bad blood between any of our classmates, or if there was any such then, I have not known it, and am sure that no bad blood beats in any of our hearts as we sing that good old song to-night.

THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE GRADUATING.

And now, classmates, here we are, after twenty-five years of our graduation—years given to very different pursuits, and demanding very different labors from those of our college course. We have had to study, not text-books, but men and things—those volumes that are always changing, never complete, and as scattered and fragmentary, yet as full of meaning, as the Sybil's leaves. We have had to study these, moreover, not so much with a ready

memory and a glib tongue, as with practical sense and energetic will. It was a hard ordeal to go through in this transition; and some, who were good recitation scholars, did not stand so well the world's stern cross-questions, and found that many important lessons had to be learned over again. Probably all of us suffered much in beginning the world for ourselves, and we found the water colder than we expected before we took the plunge. Yet the reaction was equal to the action, if we only had strength to bear it, and our best experience has come to us in the school of practical usefulness. Many things have proved otherwise than we thought, and probably most of us have had disappointments, both agreeable and disagreeable, as affairs have gone better or worse than we expected. There have been in both directions unlooked for developments of character and fortune, as we have compared results with early promises. It is clear to us that force of character has done for our men more than mere book-learning, and that life is not graduated on the scale of academic rank. It is clear that circumstance is a mighty element in success, and that the men who have had the most brilliant career will be the last to claim to themselves all the honor for

opportunities denied to other men as deserving as themselves. Our class has furnished its fair share of notables, whether useful or ornamental; its lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants, farmers, naturalists, poets, authors, critics, editors, professors, lecturers, and judges. Perhaps some of our men who are least conspicuous have had their full share of success, in the large measure of real good that they have enjoyed and helped others to enjoy. Of the considerable number who have died during the quarter century, most of them had as good a prospect of health and life as we, the survivors; and as we name their names,* we cannot but think tenderly of them, as having been struck by the fatal shafts to which we were all exposed, and fallen, perhaps, in our stead. It is quite remarkable that our most robust classmate, Huntington, was first to die. Of the dead of our class, some of conspicuous mark quite surprised our expectation either by developments of character or position; and it is not invidious to name two whose career was little in accordance with their early promise.

* Adams 1, Adams 2, Cleveland, Glover, Gibbs, Huntington, Liggett, Manning, Pentland, Perkins, Phipps, Ropes, Richardson, Simmons, Stark, Walker, West, Worcester.

One of the most jocose, elastic of the whole class—a character of whom I could tell many amusing stories—fell a victim to melancholy; and although master of wealth, had at last little ability to enjoy it. We may remember affectionately his great contributions to our amusement and our good fellowship, and over his grave learn anew our dependence upon health for good spirits, whilst we pray to be spared the malady that wrecked his joy. The other classmate to be named is he who, of all the others, had promise of the most brilliant career. He was preëminently our best speaker, as well as a fine scholar and an exquisite writer; and if the general vote of our thoughtful men had been taken at graduating, the most shining career, as a public speaker, would have been assigned to Simmons. He had success, indeed, the best success, that of a true man, sincere, profound, humane, and devout; and he whose somewhat crabbed temper and constitutional reserve sometimes displeased us, deserves the name of faintly piety and self-sacrificing virtue as much as any man of our fellowship. Yet he did not succeed, as was expected, in popular oratory and public fame. Perhaps the cause of his comparative ineffectiveness was partly in the want of

social sympathy that we noted of old; and in life, as in College, he failed to touch the hearts of the many, because more engrossed with abstract thoughts and individual experiences, than in sympathy with the common affections and convictions of men, and living in a world of his own quite as much when speaking and talking to the people as in his own private walk or study. Yet upon not a few who knew him best, he had great and good influence, and by his best friends no man among us was more revered than he. I name him affectionately and gratefully to-night. He did much for us all in college by his beautiful elocution, exquisite taste, and spotless character. In after years, we, who knew him socially and professionally, honored him as never before. Two years ago, a few weeks before his death, I met him on his slow and painful journey homeward towards Concord, and joined another friend in carrying Simmons in our arms from the station to the cars, the once stout and elastic frame, stronger than mine, now feeble as a child's. His success was not of this world's giving, and of him we may say tenderly and humbly, as we compare his rewards with his merits, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor

riches to men of understanding." Peace be with him, and with all who with him have gone from us to the unseen abodes.

THE FUTURE.

And now, classmates, it is time to close these cursory retrospections, and let our past speak for itself in our present fellowship. Twenty-five years have gone, and taken with them most of the struggle and opportunity of our earthly career. Fifty years after graduating is as long a lease of life as any of us may expect, and more than any considerable number of us can have. Half of that fifty years has passed, and the second half brings us to or beyond the threescore and ten allotted to man. Let us not mourn over this inevitable necessity, but thank God for the good that we have enjoyed, and not doubt that more good is in store for us and for all dear to us. Thank God that we have enjoyed so much together for the twenty-nine years since we first met as schoolboys, and learned to say "Our Class." We cannot deny that we have attained a very serious age, and many of us have recorded the passage of events by witnesses more living and conspicuous than the dates of the Catalogue or Class-

book. Let us not believe, however, that a serious age is of necessity a gloomy one, but rather take it for granted that the longer we live the better we ought to know how to live, and so win the best good of nature, man, and God. Our blossoming time is past, yet even this vernal joy we have anew in our children, for they are our blossoms; and, moreover, our true fruit-time has come or is coming—the blessed autumn, that is richest in deep tints, and precious harvests, and prophetic hopes. God grant to us an autumn full of fruit fair and nourishing, so as to take from wintry age its terrors. Let us help each other in this cheerful view, and whenever we meet together, as now, find our wisdom and strength as much enlarged as our joy. Let us always, as we meet, read over the names of our Catalogue affectionately, noting all good traits generously, and treating faults in others as we wish our faults to be treated by them. When another twenty-five years have gone, and a little band of septuagenarians gather together to celebrate our Golden Anniversary, let them stand manfully by the old faith and fellowship, and pledge each other genially, as we do now:

To our Clafs—to the health of the living—to the memory of the dead—to all of our Clafs,

XI.

PAST AND PRESENT.

FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS
(AT HARVARD) OF 1832.

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

How beautiful the feet
That, from manhood's dusty track,
To the green and shaded feat
Of the Muses hasten back—
To Learning's, Friendship's, Memory's honor'd
throne!

From the race-ground's heat and toil
How gratefully they turn—
From the battle-ground's turmoil
To thy stillness how they yearn;
Auld Lang Syne!

Their Delphi's classic fount
In thy tranquil realm they find—

Their Zion's hallowed mount—
 Their "Mecca of the mind"—
The Sepulchre, the Altar, and the Urn :
 Calm and holy is the air—
 Fresh and holy is the ground—
 Deathless garlands breathe around,
 And vigil-torches there
 Ever burn.

 Thus, Brothers, come we now
 Our ancient home to greet,
 And, with penfive, reverent brow,
 To lay at Wisdom's feet
Our votive gift in Thought's memorial hall :
 We heard the ghostly breeze,
 With a low-voiced music moan,
 Through old Harvard's quivering trees,
 And there breathed a mother's tone
 In the call.

 We come the scenes to trace
 Of happy, youthful days—
 Each well-remembered place
 Of studies, walks, and plays—
But ah, the change ! "Ah, fields beloved in vain !"

How near and yet how far
That picture fair doth seem !
So shines an evening star
With softened summer gleam
O'er the plain.

Alas, the fleeting years !
Remembrance ! blissful pain !
What though thy bitter tears,
Like drops of latter rain,
O'er graves of days and joys departed fall ?
On life's autumnal mould—
The dust of Memory's dead—
The burning tears grow cold ;
No flower the spring that fled
Can recall.

Yet *this* the spirit cheers—
This pearl, from dark depths won :—
Though built of memory's tears,
In life's declining fun,
Fair sign of Hope an evening rainbow yields,
Though Time may ne'er restore
Full many a form and face—
The loved and lost of yore—
Transfigured, they shall grace
Holier fields !

Not gloomy, then, though fad,
We turn our pilgrim-feet,
With lofty faith made glad,
To this reverend retreat,
Peopled with holy dead, that die no more.
Meet is it, we to-day,
In the world's distracting strife,
Should pause upon our way,
And the voice of death and life
Ponder o'er.

Five times five years have fled
Since the warm midsummer night,
Now numbered with the dead,
Yet warm in memory's light,
When, with youth's and music's wild, commingling
swell,
Till the ceiling's echoes rang,
And the agitated air
Made the very tapers flare,
Our last vows and hopes we fang—
And farewell!

And we felt a nameless thrill,
As the parting hour drew nigh,

Our eyes and bosoms fill,
When the night-wind's plaintive sigh
Bore away the dying accents of our chorus :

“ We are breaking the last ties,—
Brothers, classmates, with the dawn
Of the morrow we are gone,
And Life's broad ocean lies
All before us !”

Five times five years have fled—
Summer fun and winter snow
Five and twenty times have shed
On the cheek the dark brown glow,
And streaked the hair with lines of silver grey—
And a thinned and wasted band,
From the fields and flood of life,
Scathed by storm and scarred by strife,
At the trumpet-call we stand
Here to-day.

In the classic days of yore,
As each fifth year came round,
Her children counting o'er,
Through the cleansed city's bound
Kept holy time our ancient mother Rome.
With us the faithful sun,

Commander of the sphere,
Through lustrums five hath run,
And this most solemn year
Calls us home !

We seek our boundary-stones,
A band of comrades true,
Old Harvard's loyal sons,
To keep with honors due,
Our year of numbering and of purifying ;
To call the blotted roll,
Our missing ones to tell,
And mourn for them that fell,
Whose memory in the soul
Bides undying.

And while the storied wall
Memorial tablets grace,
In thought's heaven-lighted hall
A high and sacred place
Shall many a *votive* tablet also find :
Faith's pious incense there
And gratitude's clear fire
Shall purify the air
And from every base desire
Cleanse the mind.

What mingling smiles and tears—
What lights and glooms flit fast
O'er the picture, as the years
Of the flumbering dreamy past
From the magic circle start again to life ;—
And again, a boyish band,
With elastic step, we tread
A classic, mythic land,
Trained by sage and hero dead
For the strife !

Alas ! no more on earth,
That Friendship shall be found !
The music and the mirth
That charmed for us this ground,
And drew down heaven so near us,—all is o'er !
No more, as then, we'll meet
In chamber, hall, or grove,—
No more take counsel sweet,
Nor in free, fond converse rove,—
Nevermore !

Another lot was ours,
For *this was not our rest* ;
Not in these fading bowers
The soul can find her nest ;

Man's Eden lies beyond the bounds of earth.

In this harbor's green retreat
Piped the wind one summer-morn,
And, like leaves by whirlwinds torn,
On life's ocean was our fleet
Scattered forth.

And some whose hopes were high
In that morning's freshening breeze,
And who saw, with kindling eye,
Proud havens o'er the seas,
Ere noon have sunk beneath the "envious
furge."

The wind that, favoring, blew,
And the trumpet-signal gave,
As their pennon seaward flew,
Already o'er their grave
Sings the dirge.

And, fellow-pilgrims, ye
Who, spared the untimely fate,
Still ride or stem the sea,
Or, in some port, await
The signal-call of Him who sits on high,—
Say, does the solemn past

Sound on in memory's ear
 Like Duty's trumpet-blast,
 With warning and with cheer,
 From the sky ?

The past, it is not dead—
 It lives, in memory, still ;
 Though the outer form hath fled,
 Yet the inner senses thrill
 To the vision and the voice of days gone by,
 Gone by ? ah no—not gone,
 But, like the world of night,
 Unseen in day's bold light,
 For ever following on,
 Ever nigh.

Our loved and lost ones rise
 In glory from the dust,—
 The gentle and the wise,
 The faintly and the just,
 Teacher revered, true friend and trusted guide ;
 And heavenly is their talk,
 And on the tranquil brow
 Beams heavenly radiance now,
 While, as of old, they talk
 At our side.

Yes, from its place of old,
Though youth's fair world is gone,
Like morning's web of gold
From the dew-bespangled lawn,
The past is ours—no more to pass away—
Its pleasures and its pains,
Each glory and defeat,
Its losses and its gains,
The bitter and the sweet,
Ours for aye !

Each generous dream of youth
That bade us wage, through life,
For virtue, right, and truth
Heroic, holy strife ;
Each earnest struggle of the better will ;
Each heavenly desire,
Each wise and lofty thought,
Each spark of manly fire
From faint, sage, warrior caught,
Nerves us still.

Nor yet with us abide
These angels bright, alone :—
Close follow at our side,
With sad, yet tender tone,

And with reproachful, not resentful brow,
 Scorned Wisdom, slighted Age,
 And Time neglected, too,—
 These, from a higher page,
 Kind monitors and true,
 Teach us now.

This moral ends my rhyme :—
 Classmates who still must learn,
 In this great school of time,
 Full many a lesson stern,—
 One Friend—one Teacher—bides when all is past.
 On Him and for Him wait—
 Till, at the signal-call,
 Through that mysterious gate,
 To higher forms we all
 Rise at last !

XII.

THE USE OF TIME.

TIME is surely one of the chief gifts of man, and the condition of using every other rational gift. All his plans are based upon its duration, and when he cannot reckon upon the past or the future, his world is chaos or his reason is gone. We cannot use a verb or do a thing without expressing or implying the idea of time. Thought itself is bound up with that idea, for what is memory without a past, and what is judgment without a present and future? Time is man's best external property, for by its use in enterprise he wins the best external goods, and by its use in spiritual wisdom he makes external goods yield lasting harvests of interior blessing. Wisely said the poet—

Time is my estate, my dukedom is time.

Let us meditate upon this possession now. That we may not go astray in our views of the true use

of time let us take a preliminary glance at its nature that we learn at least to note its passage wisely. What is time? Does any one say that the question is too simple to be asked, and everybody knows what it is? It is precisely these simple questions that are hardest to answer, because they treat of ultimate facts that cannot be simplified. One of the deepest thinkers, St. Augustine, I believe it was, once said, If you do not ask me what time is, I know; but the moment you ask me, I know nothing about it. True it is that we have a kind of intuitive sense of time that is disturbed, like everything intuitive, by attempts to define it. Yet the attempt may remove some errors that may stand in the way of the intuitive idea.

It is surely a great error to confound time itself with any chosen measure of its duration. We look at the clock and tell the time by its dial to our great convenience. But the hands that tell the hour do not make, but merely measure it, and time would pass on absolutely the same in itself, if no clocks had been ever made, or all that have been made should be broken. The cunning mechanism but imitates the motion of the great dial of the heavens, and even this dial only measures and does

not make time. Let the sun be darkened or let the earth cease her rotation, and still there would be duration of some kind, and therefore time. The very fact that things exist, and continue either in motion or in rest, implies duration, and how can there be duration without time ?

We are compelled, therefore, to take the ground that time is one of the essential facts of existence and forms of thought. What its essential nature is we do not presume to say, but are content to leave it among the ultimate truths of existence, where we leave all absolute ideas. Owing the limitation of our understanding in the quarter transcending its reach, we are all the more ready to use it in its rightful sphere, and to decide upon the true practical measure of time. Whatever gives the best idea of duration gives us practically the best idea of time, and carrying out this principle we add at once an inward measure of its passage to the usual outward standard. Not satisfied to mark duration by the sun or the clock, which note the hours alike over a sterile desert and a growing garden, or over a befuddled fluggard and a thoughtful worker, we ask for some better chronicle of what is passing under the heavens. What chronicle can we have but

that which marks the interior events of existence, and makes the life the light of the world. Ask still what is the hour of the day, and what things transpire within its period ; but ask also what is the hour in the interior kingdom, and what thoughts, affections, purposes, make up its moments. Can ye not watch with me one hour, said our Saviour to his disciples who had fallen asleep in the garden of his agony. The hour passed the same indeed, if measured by the stars, with the master and the disciple ; but oh, how different if measured by the torpid brain of the wearied sleeper, and the intense spiritual life of Him then so struggling with the powers of darkness and winning angels to his side. Learn then to mark time by the current of life as well as by the succession of hours. Without the dial, thought may be vague and dreamy for want of a specific measure, but without the estimate of thought the dial is a shallow guide, telling how the stream passes without telling us the depth of its volume or the wealth within or upon its waters.

“ Dark flood of time !

Roll as it listeth thee. I measure not

By months or moments thy ambiguous course,

—— The sense of love,

The thirst for action and the impassioned thought
Prolong my being : If I wake no more
My life more actual living will contain
Than some gray veteran of the world's cold school,
Where lifeless hours unprofitably roll
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed."

Learning thus to measure time alike by the succession of thought and the passage of hours, we next ask what is the duty of man as a subject of time. It is clear that there must be a specific and important relation between the human constitution and the vast and mysterious element in which it lives and moves. Both sides of our nature are alike concerned in it—both the active and the passive sphere. If time is measured by the succession of things, it calls us either to action or to rest, to work or to wait, according as the succession of things is to be brought to pass by our effort or to come to pass of itself. Here then the two great time-virtues open upon us—enterprise and patience ; the one bidding us do what we can to set the times right—the other bidding us abide calmly the times that are beyond our control. He is a wise and strong man who looks well to each duty and uses his time with enterprise and patience.

Who of us can afford to slight either of these ? What man can afford to be idle and allow his sacred heritage to run to waste ? Are there not twelve hours in the day, and does not the very light in heaven that marks them off tell us in every gleam, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Do something every day in the name of Him who loads every hour with opportunity, for the welfare of a world never enough blessed with good works, and for the peace of your own mind, which is never so happy as in bringing some worthy plan to pass. Without limitation the command to work is binding upon us. We have not all the same work to do, but we all have some work, and a curse is upon us when we try to repudiate it. No person has a right to be idle before God. If a man has ample means and leisure to withdraw from the general business of the world, as is the case with some privileged persons, it is well if he uses his exemption from task-labor to occupy his time with pursuits congenial with his tastes. But the moment he gives up any kind of conscientious and systematic exertion and becomes a merely passive dependent upon external excitement, he is a miserable creature, a poor frag-

ment of humanity, an imbecile drone, more false to his divine calling than the veriest drudge whom he looks down upon with profound contempt. Men of leisure, in the best instances, teach the worth of labor quite as much as the men of work; for what greater proof is there of the need of useful occupation than the lives of the most earnest men here and in Europe, whom wealth or station exempts from common toil only to open still more stirring fields of enterprise and usefulness. Even the lives of titled nobles present to us the worth of industry and the folly of all manner of idle vagrancy, whether the vagrancy that loiters the streets in rags or that dashes along the pavement in jewels, both extremes flighting faithful effort, and demanding indulgence without any return by fidelity. Honor to every man who accepts cheerfully his work in time, and serves God and his neighbor by bringing something useful to pass—no matter whether he plants seed in the expectation of the harvest—trains thought for efficient action—or sets any worthy plan upon the way to its end. The hours bless him as they pass by, calling out the good that is in his nature, and bringing to him some measure of the good of Providence.

Yet we are not to work always, and even when we are at work, we learn that many things do not follow our bidding, and we must wait upon theirs. More and more we learn this truth as years interpret to us our own limitation and the force of the great tide upon which we and all things float. Our patience is quite as much a measure of our wisdom as our enterprise: nay, what folly stamps every enterprise which is not begun in the patience that can bear delays as well as in the courage that can dare risks. Children of time, when we are doing our best we must wait God's hours for opportunity in our especial aims, and above all our especial aims we must lean upon him to carry us forward in the one divine way, which earthly power may accept but not control. Blessed is the office of true patience in relation to time. Vast is the loss it shuns by keeping for efficient action the time and thought saved from fretting and struggling against what cannot be helped. Vast is the gain it secures by keeping the soul calm before God, accepting the allotments of his providence, and watching wisely the lessons of the events which it cannot control. Are there not twelve hours in the day, said he who consecrated them alike by his waiting and his work

—whose crowning sacrifice, alike in its act and its suffering, illustrated the worth of time, and leaves upon its track the alternate footprints of labor and patience to mark the way of eternal life. Blessed are the hours to us, when calmed by his patience as well as quickened by his fidelity.

Presenting thus the twofold aspect of our duty in relation to time, we pass on to consider the method that can rightly adjust the two elements, active and passive. What can be more practical than the question—How shall we best divide the hours between working and waiting, or labor and rest? There is no numerical rule that can apply to all, for the power of exertion and the need of repose differ widely with different constitutions and modes of life. But a general principle may be at once stated which can be applied to every case. We may justly say that is the true method of dividing the hours which provides best for the duties of our position, and keeps in most healthful balance the powers of our nature. Let each one consider this principle for himself, for each day, and for the general order of life.

What have we to do to meet fairly the demands of our position, and how shall we find time for these

demands? The order, which is heaven's first law, will be found to be a wonderful regulator of the hours that are marked by heaven's own light. True, indeed, it is that we cannot wholly command our time, and much of every active man's day is at the mercy of circumstances beyond his control. This very fact, instead of disparaging method, should confirm it, for a wise man will make fair allowance for all the exposures of his position, and whilst keeping himself ready for cares that come without his bidding, he will find due time also for duties that wait his attention. Let every one of us have a plan for the day, strict enough to bring every duty to a specific point, and flexible enough to allow of adjustment to circumstances—free alike, in short, from flighty laxity and slavish punctilio. Frame such a plan wisely, with the aid of the best examples, and in view of our own condition, do we not find that we have made a great discovery, and the hours often scorned as so short and fleeting open to us powers and opportunities beyond which no gold can purchase.

The true method will not only meet our personal duties, but will also keep our powers in due and healthful balance. In one respect we may under-

stand this balance well enough, and the moralist need not insist upon the need of a just proportion between the sleeping and the waking hours, although in city life even this just balance is sometimes lost, and people foolishly spoil the day's energy by midnight dissipation. But the balance of waking and sleeping is to a thoughtful man but the lowest form of a balance that should adjust the whole life. As we once read in the great work of Schubert on the soul, it is but a part of that polarity or harmony of contrasts which has its highest manifestation in the true spiritual life that goes forth in filial obedience and returns to refresh itself in filial trust, in short, in work and in faith, or in labor and in prayer. Without pursuing this theme into its highest spiritual spheres, consider the balance of our nature under the obvious and practical relation of toil and recreation, or work-time and pastime. No man uses time well, or follows God's manifest law, who flights either of these elements. Without toil a man is a mere drone—without recreation he is a mere drudge. We work more efficiently for some play, and we play more cheerfully for some work. There are few subjects more important to the health of the best minds, and to the very virtue of the nations,

than this same problem of the balance of work and play. God himself bids us seriously consider it, and it will be found that the very laws of our being urge it upon our thought. It is almost as great a matter to know how to play as to know how to work: in fact, the nature of our work decides the proper character of our play. The guiding principle is this: that a man's best recreation consists not in idleness, for this beyond a certain limit is an intolerable burden, and has compelled far more men to self-destruction than hard work; but his best recreation consists in such action as rests the faculties that have been overtaken, and calls out the faculties that have been dormant. Children understand or rather practise the true principle better than we men, who are so apt to halt between drudging and droning. Children let loose from school, refresh themselves by letting loose the buoyant faculties so long restrained over their tasks, and kind nature through their cheerful play develops their frames, quickens their senses, and refreshes their spirits. Where is the man who carries out the same principle through life, and does by his reason what childhood does by instinct—the man who carries through his whole life a method of recreation that balances his

routine of toil? This idea would make society generally far more genial, and would give life a far larger range. There would be fairer allowance for what is generally called amusement by the public, and each man would decide upon his own amusement in such a way as best to refresh and to quicken his powers. The great law of alternation would be heeded, and many would find that change of pursuit is to them the best play. When the eye is dazzled by the yellow splendor of some gilded pageant, it is refreshed not by closing itself, but by resting upon the blue sky; and when inflamed by the glare of the reddening sun, it is refreshed by turning to the green of the pleasant pastures. The whole being partakes of this same law, and every faculty like the eye demands in its own way a change, like that of the eye from yellow to blue, or from red to green. Imaginative men, weary with visions, refresh themselves with matters of fact, like Dante who sought recreation in the exact reasonings of Aristotle, or like Goethe, who went from his books to the fields, and found playfellows in the flowers. Men of scientific research find their refreshment in the play of the imaginative faculties, like Galileo, who rejoiced in music, or like Kepler,

who leaped ever from the laws of matter to the harmonies which they suggest. Men of abstraction find their play in things concrete, like Leibnitz, who amused himself with experimenting upon carriages, or Locke, who busied himself with the printing art. Statesmen, busy with men and nations, love the solace of nature, and, like Cicero, and almost all kindred minds, delight in the farm and the garden. Wise is the man who so chooses his play that it rests his mind, refreshes his spirits, enlarges his culture, and sends him back a heartier worker to the regular labor of his sphere. He will in some way divide his time between what the ancients called mathematics and music, meaning by mathematics whatever tasks the intellect, and by music whatever sets the faculties into free play without any tasking. The majestic name of Jesus is not defecrated by association with this idea. He who asked, Are there not twelve hours of the day? did not frown on the play of childhood, nor the recreations of men. The very spirit in which he said to his weary disciples, "Sleep on now and take your rest," was developed in that sacred, yet genial Christian life, which checked the heathen revel only to cheer with a new song the hearts of men—which

emptied the Coliseum of its murderers and heroes to prepare the way for a purer, brighter, social order, which shall blend wisely labor and recreation—when the hours shall follow the path which the Master has opened, and, in recurrent work and play, as with alternate feet, shall move their appointed round. Life will then have its prose side and its poetic side, not hostile but ever coming nearer harmony—our prosy work the braver because of the poetic song and vision, the poetic play the more true and joyous because of the prosaic thought and enterprise.

Thus wisely balanced, the hours not only lead us to our earthly work and rest, but interpret to us eternity, by giving us a larger and clearer sense of things immutable as we pass through the changes of time. Wisely has the civilized world changed the computation of time since Jesus came. In many things the gospel made a new era, but in nothing more decidedly than in opening eternity into time. Blessed be the Christian Hours, not fleeting, not sad, not groaning a perpetual dirge over decay and death—but ever opening new blessings, teaching deeper truths, inspiring purer affections, urging diviner uses, leading the soul ever nearer God, ever further into the life eternal.

XIII.

STUDY IN THE COUNTRY.

A VACATION LETTER.

DEAR —, If you and I had the whole world before us, and were on the look-out for the best of all places for earnest thought and faithful study, it might be a serious question whether our choice would fall upon the city, with all its social incentives, or the country, with its meditative quiet. Happy are we, however, in combining some of the advantages of both places, and in stealing away for a short season into some rural shade. It is clear to me that the city gives most spur to the thought that labors for the present hour, whilst the country is most favorable to retrospective studies and prospective visions. One needs a quicker pulse than stirs in these quiet villages to move him to think, and write, and work fitly for the electric temper of the busy world, which makes so much of To-day and so little

of Yesterday and To-morrow. The city indeed is full of the footprints of former generations, and every old building and book-shop is a chronicle of years gone by, at once jogging memory and anticipation. Yet whatever impression is made is too soon trodden down by the great throng; whatever spark of electricity is communicated is too soon discharged, where isolation is so difficult, and nonconductors are nonentities. Happy would he be who could use the city like a seedsmen's store, and bear away the precious grains to calmer and more congenial soil. Happy he who could know Rome, and think and write in Tusculum, instead of being pent for so many months within brick walls.

When we first came here, a few weeks ago, the very air and sky seemed to challenge me to be their playfellow. The flitting clouds and the rippling waters seemed like the old companions of youth calling me back to them, and it was pleasant indeed to find in nature and in books so much countenance for this frolicsome mood. But the kind mother whose training we can never escape understands us well, and allows us to play that we may learn to be more sober and more industrious. Her pleasant face has given some intimations already

of her ferious purpose, and her merry voice once in a while deepens into a solemn tone. Last night, after a day of most delicious, dreamy beauty, the evening sky put on a mantle of deep and sombre red, as if the refulgent summer would give us a hint of the sober autumn, and bid us use the golden hours to store up precious fruits for the time of the falling leaf.

As we stood before an opening between over-arching trees, the western sky was a gorgeous and solemn cathedral window, and its glowing crystal was painted with the sweet landscape so boldly projected against the horizon. There in the background of the picture stood Greenfield Hill, that height not unknown to fame, with its graceful church-spire and its rural cemetery; there, too, was our little grove of chestnuts and cedars, with cottage and rustic arbor on either side. The hour seemed sacred to memory, and the looker-on might expect to hear that elder Madonna, Nature, herself chant a vesper hymn full of elegiac tenderness over them who sleep under those white tombstones, and over all her lost children, and refute the skeptic's scandal, that the universal mother cares not for the fairest of her offspring when they are gone, and

laughs over their graves as merrily as over spring daisies. Like Mary at the sepulchre, if they who know her best can tell, she mourns at times for her elect of the buried generations.

The sea, too, in whose calm waters we daily bathe, and our little girls frolic without fear, as if it were harmless as domestic Croton, once in a while changes its aspect and voice. A few nights ago we could hear from our cottage door the dash of its great waves, with the moan of their retreat. The evening breeze, laden with such sounds, stirred many a grave thought, and I could not but think of the story which these usually quiet waters would tell if their secrets could be known. One awful night there was, when, in sight of these hills, hundreds of lives were floating to destruction in a ship of fire upon a sea of ice ; among them that mild and heroic man from whom so many of us learned the language that has unlocked so many treasures, and which has been lately the key to so much pleasure and profit here. I have thought of Follen always tenderly and gratefully, but never more so than now ; and these twenty years since leaving his tuition seem but a day.

I will follow the vein of reverie thus invited, by

giving a passing sketch of an author upon whom I chanced to light, and of whom, perhaps, our readers may be as ignorant as I was before vacation.

I have been at work for a week or two upon a subject connected with the new Jewish Literature; and from a chip that has fallen from the work-bench I may perhaps whittle out something worth looking at, if not very pretty. Full autumn, with its fere leaves and ruffet tints, might seem the best accompaniment to the study of a mind so retrospective, so lost in memory as the Jewish, yet I promise to say nothing too sad or too heavy for summer reading, even if I could.

A HEBREW POET BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Going from our Protestant age, and excepting the seedtime of primitive Christianity, no period of Christendom has for us more interest than the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with the few years before and after. Then the Papacy consolidated its doctrines and policy, and bade fair to subdue the whole world to itself. Art and science seemed to become its vassals, and the rise of a new and wonderful architecture, and the prevalence of a daring yet obedient philosophy, indicated that rea-

son and imagination were willing to kneel before the transformed wafer as the presence of God, and before its ghostly guardians as the vicegerents of Heaven. The Norman Conquest and the Crusades were but superficial signs of the deep-seated fire that was burning in the heart of Christendom. In its heat the stubborn elements of hostile nationalities were fused, and from the flowing lava our modern languages came. The majestic Roman was won from its stateliness; and before melting into Italian sweetness, it exchanged its classic verse for the Romantic rhyme, and in the hymns of the Church left the Virgilian measure for that recurrent chime which is the lyric dance of devotion, as if grave Numa himself had caught the new enthusiasm, and moved with choral steps to the sound of harp and cymbal before the Ark. One who has been bred among our modern dissent and individualism is astonished at the almost universal acquiescence in the reigning absolutism. The Albigenses and their kindred Protestant confessors were not silent, but their fate illustrates the power of the priesthood which they arraigned, and the sword and firebrand of De Montfort were the answer of the Church to her refractory children. Brave voices

like Arnold's of Brescia, were heard only to be silenced at the flaming stake, and the martyr's ashes, cast into the Tiber, were not allowed to rest even with kindred dust. Philosophy had not blinded her eyes, yet was quite willing to invoke the same ghostly protection for her rival theories; and Abelard the Rationalist, and Bernard the champion of Orthodoxy, much as they differed in metaphysics, were willing to sanction the same awful ritual, and own the real presence in the same morsel of bread.

Yet the mind of our whole race was not then Roman Catholic, and never has been, and never will be. South of Christendom, the great race that spoke the Arabic language and held to the Crescent, extended from Jerusalem to Spain, and protested against Rome, not with the sword alone, for their scholars and metaphysicians had given them other arguments for Monotheism even than the Koran. The palmy days of the Caliphate indeed had passed, yet Arabic learning had its ripest fruits still treasured up, and the resistance which the Crusaders met at Jerusalem came from a force not wholly brutal nor superstitious. It was at the City of David that the two leading powers of the earth came into conflict,

and we are left to judge of the merits and the issue of the strife by the testimony of one party alone. The Saracen had his story to tell, and we should like to listen to his tale. But at the other end of Christendom the same antagonism appeared. In Spain, Arabia and Rome met in battle. Castile was on the border of the arena, and this little book, that has beguiled some of these summer hours, has much of its interest from the fact that it allows us to look upon the rival faiths through the eyes of a gifted man of that race of Abraham that claims to have given a religion to both antagonists, and from both to have received cruel wrong. It is called *DIVAN DES CASTILIERS ABU'L-HASSAN JUDA HA-LEVI*. Von Abraham Geiger. Breslau. 1851.

With the poems that constitute this Divan of the Castilian Jew, Juda ha-Levi, biographical sketches and notes are given that throw much light upon the poet and his times. Whatever period of his life we choose to study, we find the same essential characteristics in different stages of development. It is the Hebrew poet still, the same impassioned, sensuous, devout, yearning nature, whether in his early love-songs, his later philosophizing, or the religious poems of his mature and declining years.

The Hebrew pietism was the leaven that worked in his inmost life; and when his buoyant muse dealt in merry riddles and gay serenades, it loved more to find themes in the cheerful festivals of the synagogue, and sing of some bridal which the nation could bless in the name of the old law, and with the hope that waited for Israel's Consolation. He studied medicine, the only profession except the rabbinical that was open to his race; and distaste for its practice, combined with unsuccessful love for his fair cousin, gave a melancholy tinge to his composition, which appears in the many poems of friendship, apparently on the verge of manhood, in something of that sweet, sad sentiment which Goethe has so powerfully brought out in the character of Tasso. Then the sense of his high calling, a passion to be something and do something for his oppressed nation, rose within him; verse seemed to him but a trifling with words, and he rebuked the new school of Hebrew bards that had been forming since the seventh century, and repented that he had encouraged the taste for rhymed stanzas, or any innovation upon the simple, solemn strain of the old psalmists and prophets. Yet nature and the age was too strong for his severe taste, and we soon find

his muse again moving to the march of the borrowed Arabic measure, and showing that a new day had come to the Jewish Zion as well as the Roman Parnassus. His poems take a deeper tone and higher range, mingling a mystical devotion with a restless longing for Jerusalem. He carries the same spirit into philosophy; and in a work in the Arabic language he embodied his philosophy of religion under the fictitious form of a dialogue at the court of the King of Khazar, held between the King, a Mohammedan, a Christian, and a Jewish rabbi. The argument of course is with the rabbi, and the king, according to an historical fact as well as this philosophical fiction, becomes a convert to the synagogue, instead of following his Turcoman compeers to the mosque. This book was, soon after Juda's death, translated into Hebrew, and afterwards into Latin, Spanish, and German, and editions have been often published, the last at Leipzig in 1842. The philosopher does not wholly lay aside the poet, but bases all truth and all religion upon the Spirit of God in the soul, bestowed in such fulness upon the chosen people. Instead of undertaking to legitimate religion by philosophy, he legitimates philosophy by religion, and starts with faith as the

primal and essential fact of wisdom. The calling of Abraham and his posterity gives him his connecting bridge between the abstract and concrete, the subjective and objective, so that he reasons for the authority of Israel very much as Bernard or Aquinas reasoned for the sovereignty of Rome. With the Romish zealots, too, he agreed in the passion for Jerusalem; and the hero of his philosophical fiction, at the close of his victorious dialogue, announces his determination to go to the Holy Land, and abides by it in spite of all the fears and promises held out to him. It was but Juda himself who borrowed the garb of the rabbin to speak his own conviction and his own yearning. He solemnly resolved to see with his own eyes the hills and waters of Zion. About the year 1140, when about sixty years of age, and not far from the time when Bernard's ghostly voice was to summon a new army of the cross to repeat the Crusade, the Castilian poet and philosopher turned his face towards Jerusalem with all of a Crusader's zeal in his heart, but with far other weapons in his hands. On his way by the southern route through Spain, the Mediterranean, and Egypt, he was welcomed as a prince among the chiefs and communities of the faithful,

and gratulatory poems were interchanged between himself and the leading poets of the age. At Egypt, where the Jews enjoyed such religious liberty, and where the brilliant genius of Maimonides was to reward the kindness of the court that protected him with such reflected honor, Juda was almost forced by friendly constraint to give up his pilgrimage, and to exchange his dream of Jerusalem, now in hostile hands, for Egypt, more rich, it was said, in ancient remembrance, and so favored with kings now more merciful than the Pharaohs. But the poet was inflexible, and tore himself away from the charmed circle of learned friends to wander alone in the land trodden by David. His wish was probably granted, and he touched the sacred soil, although two short poems are all that speak of him after he reached the Tyrian coast. He is supposed to have died soon after, illustrating the lot of so many lives that are devoted to some fond hope, and who chase it incessantly, and find their reward more in the chase than in the goal. It is dangerous to dream of any earthly spot or fortune as the heaven of our soul, and to a mind like Juda's, Palestine itself might not fulfil all the visions of his fancy. Whether some violent hand was laid upon

him among the heterogeneous and restless population there, or his strength yielded under the exhaustion of travel, no sure record tells. We may reasonably believe that he died among the scenes that had so long haunted his imagination, and that in death he found speaking emblems around him of a heavenly Jerusalem which no violence can lay waste. His famous song of Zion, composed before leaving Castile, might have been fit requiem for him, for in that glowing lyric he celebrated God's mercy to that land of promise, conjured before him its saints and sages, found food for the soul in its very air, fragrance in its very dust, and rejoiced in the vision of its returning glory and its renewed youth.

The spirit that led him hither to die was no vain illusion, for it has passed into the poems that have founded his fame and perpetuated his influence. In the original Hebrew they have been introduced into the service-books of the synagogues, and of late have been translated into the tongues of other nations. The Hebrew Platonist, Moses Mendelssohn, from his own fellow-feeling, gave a German dress to some of his masterpieces, and Herder's universal literary sympathy placed him in his col-

Pycroft's Course of English Reading.

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Extract from the Preface.

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"Being so vexatious as to ask wherein her satisfaction consisted, I was told, in the thought that she did her duty; that she kept her resolution; that she read as much as her friends; that continually fewer histories remained to be read; and that she hoped one day to excel in literature.

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